Gc
974.602
Su28suf
1779048

M. L.

REYNOLDS HISTORICAL
GENEALOGY COLLECTION

GQ

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1833 01150 7545

CELEBRATION

OF THE

Bi-Centennial Anniversary

OF THE

TOWN OF SUFFIELD, CONN.,

Wednesday, Oct. 12, 1870.

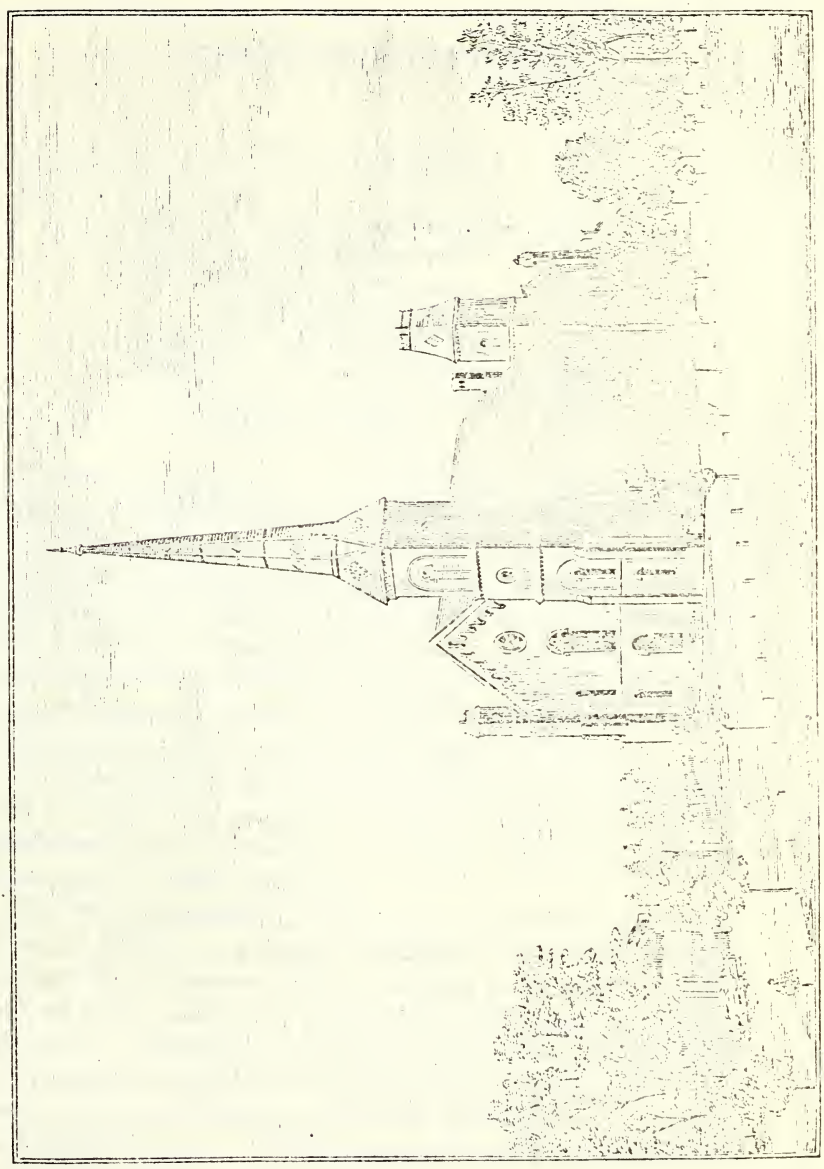
HARTFORD:

WILEY, WATERMAN & EATON, STEAM BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS.

1871.

974.51

1779048



FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH IN SPRINGFIELD

INTRODUCTION.

Where are the graves where dead men slept
Two hundred years ago?
Who were they who wept
Two hundred years ago?
By other men who know not them
Their lands are tilled, their graves are filled,
Yet nature then was just as gay, and bright the
sunshine as to-day.

Those who are familiar with ancient mythology will recollect the story of the good Isis, who went forth wandering and weeping to gather up the parts and fragments of her murdered and scattered Osiris, fondly yet vainly hoping that she might recover and recombine all the separate parts, and once more view her husband in all his former proportions and beauty. With equal assiduity have a few citizens of Suffield sought to gather up the relics of the past, and place themselves for the time amid the scenes and circumstances in which our forefathers lived and died.

We thus place the past and present side by side, and are qualified to judge of the progress of events, to sympathize with our forefathers in their privations and labors, and honor them for their deeds of virtue and valor.

The Two Hundredth Anniversary of the existence of the Town of Suffield, as a distinct municipal Corporation, occuring on the 12th of October, 1870, it occurred to the minds of a few citizens that it would be a proper and worthy time to celebrate the event. Accordingly, at the legal town meeting, held October 4th, 1869, the subject was brought before the people, and it was unanimously voted that the event be celebrated in a patriotic and spirited manner. A Committee of sixty-seven persons was appointed to carry out the vote, and a sum not exceeding $1,500 was appropriated for the purpose.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015

https://archive.org/details/celebrationofbic00unse

1:

Suffield, *Conn.*

68 —Celebration of the bi-centennial anniversary of the town of Suffield, Conn., Wednesday, Oct. 12, 1870. Hartford, Wiley, Waterman & Eaton, 1871.

113, (2) p. front., plates, ports. 23½cm.

LC CARD

1. Suffield, Conn.—Centennial celebrations, etc. I. Title.

Rc—3308

Library of Congress F104.S9S9

(33c1)

This Committee subsequently met and appointed the following citizens as an Executive Committee:

Daniel W. Norton,	Gad Sheldon,
Simon B. Kendall,	Hezekiah S. Sheldon,
William L. Loomis,	T. Hezekiah Spencer,
Henry M. Sykes,	

who were to have the general oversight of the preparation and carrying out of the design of the vote, and it is due to their zeal and labor that the occasion was so fittingly celebrated.

PRELIMINARIES.

At a legal Town Meeting of the Town of Suffield, Conn., held at the Town Hall, in said Suffield, October 4th, A. D. 1869.

On motion of D. W. Norton, presented by the Clerk, Wm. L. Loomis, Esq., viz: That in view of the fact that during the year 1870 the Anniversary of the Second Centennary Year from the "Grant of the General Court at Boston," and the first settlement of this Town occurs; therefore,

Voted, That this Town take suitable measures to observe and celebrate said Anniversary, during the year 1870, in an intelligent and respectable manner, becoming the age in which we live, and in a public manner.

Voted, That a Committee of sixty-seven persons of this Town be appointed to inaugurate and carry out a programme for the same, in a becoming manner, for said Anniversary, at a suitable time during the coming year. And that said Committee shall have the power and right to expend and pay out such sums or parts of sums of money, in promoting the objects of said Anniversary, or the necessary expenses, as the Town may appropriate for said object.

Voted, That this Town appropriate a sum not exceeding fifteen hundred dollars for said object, to be used by said Committee.

Voted, That the Committee consist of the following named persons, viz: Daniel W. Norton, Col. Simon B. Kendall, Samuel Austin, Gad Sheldon, Elihu S. Taylor, Henry Fuller, Albert Austin, Wm. L. Loomis, Milton Hatheway, Doct. Aretus Rising, Edwin P. Stevens, George Fuller, Hezekiah Spencer, Artemus King, Henry P. Kent, Byron Loomis, Thaddeus H. Spencer, George A. Douglass, Silas W. Clark, Hezekiah S. Sheldon, Hiram K. Granger, Thomas J. Austin, Alfred Spencer, James B. Rose, Warren Lewis, Nathan Clark, L. Z. Sykes, Julius Harmon, Burdett Loomis, I. Luther Spencer, Benjamin F. Hastings,

Frank P. Loomis, Chas. A. Chapman, Wm. E. Harmon, Horace K. Ford, Ralph P. Mather, John M. Hatheway, Henry M. Sykes, and others. And that said Committee take measures necessary to inaugurate said Anniversary in this town.

The preceding votes of the Town of Suffield, relating to the celebration and the appropriation of said Town for said Anniversary, were ratified and confirmed by a resolution of the General Assembly of this State, held at New Haven, at their May Session, 1870, which passed and was approved June 9th, 1870.

At subsequent meetings of said Committee, heretofore named and duly organized for that purpose, they appointed their Executive and Finance Committees, a Committee on Invitation and Reception, a Committee of Arrangements to procure a tent, music, and to provide for the collation at the close of the exercises in the church, with the kind assistance of the *Ladies* of Old Suffield, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

The Officers of the Day were

PRESIDENT.

DANIEL W. NORTON.

VICE-PRESIDENTS.

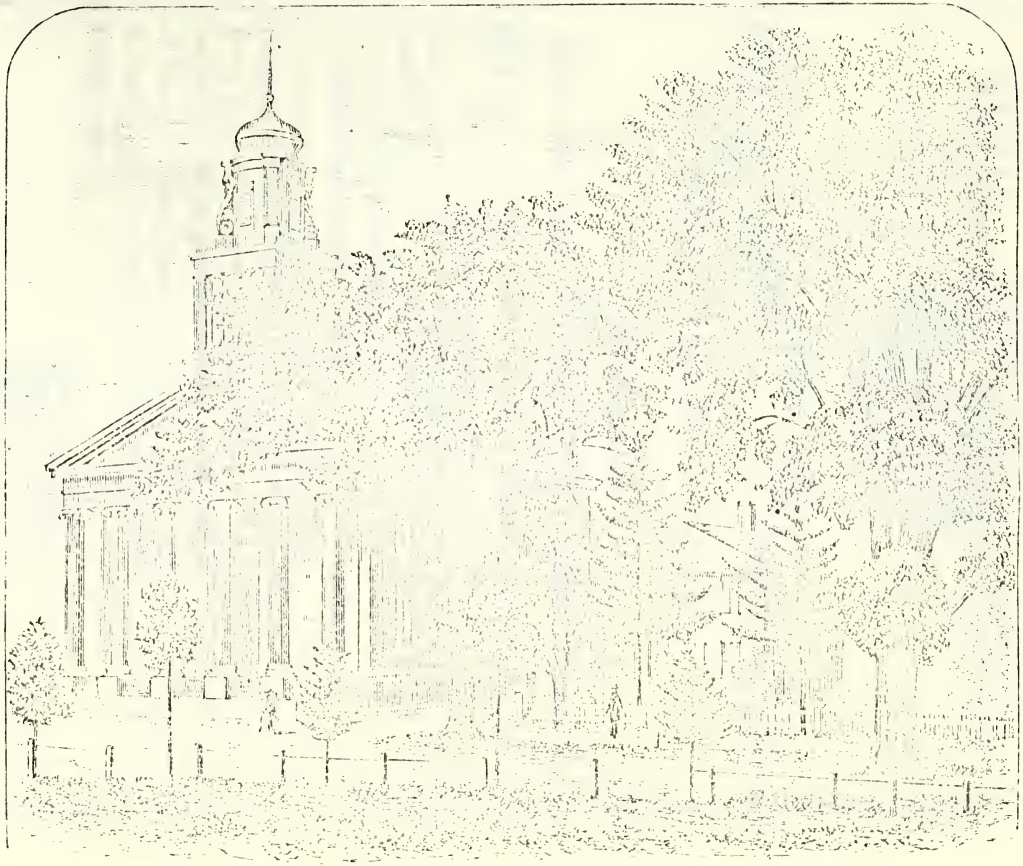
Capt. Apollos Phelps,
Capt. Seth King,
Rev. Amos Cobb,
Hezekiah Spencer,
Gad Sheldon,
Samuel Austin,
George Fuller,
Milton Hatheway,
Henry P. Kent,
Elihu S. Taylor,
Albert Austin,
Henry Fuller,
Edwin P. Stevens,
Artemus King,
Hiram K. Granger,
Warren Lewis,
George A. Douglass,
Julius Harmon.

CHIEF MARSHAL.

Col. Simon B. Kendall.

ASSISTANTS.

F. P. Loomis,
R. A. Loomis,
John Nooney,
B. F. Territt.



SECOND BAPTIST CHURCH IN SUFFIELD

1670. 1870.

Bi-Centennial Celebration

SUFFIELD, CONN.

CIRCULAR.

The Second Centennial Anniversary

OF the "Grant of General Court at Boston, October 12th, 1670," occuring the present year, it has been decided, by vote of this town, to celebrate the event, and to circulate the notice as widely as possible among the sons and daughters of Suffield that have gone out from us and their descendants.

All such are cordially invited to meet with us here, on the twelfth day of October next, for a re-union at that time, and participate in the exercises, with the assurance of a hearty welcome, both public and private. Every effort will be made to make the occasion interesting and profitable, and the stay of our guests agreeable; and it is hoped that the gathering of those who have wandered so far away from us, and have been so long separated, will warm the heart and quicken the feeling of common interest and union.

WM. L. LOOMIS,
SIMON B. KENDALL,
ALBERT AUSTIN,
THADDEUS H. SPENCER,
GAD SHELDON,
THOMAS J. AUSTIN,
ELIHU S. TAYLOR,

Committee on Invitations.

Suffield, Conn., Sept. 12, 1870.

1670. 1870.

Bi-Centennial Celebration

OF THE

Town of Suffield,

Wednesday, October 12th, 1870.

PROGRAMME.

1. Forty guns will be fired and the bells of the several churches rung at sunrise.
2. The procession will form on the East side of the Park, the right of line in front of Knox's Hotel, at 9 o'clock A. M., and march around the Park to the Church in the following order:

Drum Corps.

Special Police.

Town Authorities.

Committee of Arrangements.

Trustees and Teachers of the Connecticut Literary Institution, and Teachers of Public Schools.

Colt's Band.

President and Vice-Presidents of the Day.

Reverend Clergy.

Orator and Poet of the Day.

Governor and Staff of the State, and Ex-Governors of the State.

Mayor and Aldermen from Springfield, Mass.

Citizens from other Towns.

Citizens of this Town.

3. Exercises at the First Cong. Church at 10 o'clock A. M.
4. Collation at the tent, on the Park, at 2 o'clock P. M.
5. Re-union at Second Baptist Church, at 7 o'clock P. M. There will be Vocal and Instrumental Music.

Col. S. B. KENDALL, Chief Marshal.

ASSISTANTS.

F. P. LOOMIS. JOHN NOONEY.
R. A. LOOMIS. B. F. TERRITT.

☞ A special train from Hartford to Suffield, (the first on the Branch Road), will leave Hartford at 7:15 A. M., on Wednesday, October 12.

1670. 1870.

BI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

—OF THE—

TOWN OF SUFFIELD,

Wednesday, October 12, 1870.

I.

VOLUNTARY ON THE ORGAN.

II.

SINGING BY THE CHOIR.

III.

STATEMENT BY THE PRESIDENT, D. W. NORTON, Esq.

IV.

INVOCATION BY REV. JOEL MANN.

V.

READING THE HOLY SCRIPTURES, BY REV. D. IVES, D. D.

VI.

PRAYER, BY REV. D. IVES, D. D.

VII.

ORIGINAL HYMN, BY THE CHOIR.

VIII.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME, BY REV. WALTER BARTON.

IX.

RESPONSE BY S. A. LANE, Esq., OF AKRON, OHIO.

X.

ODE, BY THE CHOIR.

XI.

ADDRESS, BY REV. J. L. HODGE, D. D.

XII.

SINGING, BY THE CHOIR.

XIII.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS, BY JOHN LEWIS, Esq.

XIV.

MUSIC, BY THE BAND.

XV.

POEM, BY REV. S. D. PHELPS, D. D.

XVI.

ANTHEM, BY THE CHOIR.

XVII.

BENEDICTION, BY REV. STEPHEN HARRIS.

STATEMENT

AT THE

Bi-Centennial Celebration of the Town of Suffield,

OCTOBER 12TH, 1870,

BY THE PRESIDENT, D. W. NORTON.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

Two hundred and fifty years ago the 6th day of last month, our Pilgrim forefathers took their final departure from England for America in the Mayflower, a vessel of one hundred and eighty tons. The whole number who embarked were one hundred and one persons. Their Reverend Pastor, on his knees commending them in fervent prayer unto the Lord, intended to implore a blessing from Heaven upon the hazardous enterprise. He preached a sermon to them from Ezra, 8: 21. With mutual embraces and many tears they took leave of one another, which proved to be the last *leave* to many of them. The wind being fair they went on board, but the tide, which stays for no man, called them away out of the harbor. After they had enjoyed fair winds for a season they met many contrary winds and fierce storms. Their ship was shaken and her upper works very leaky. One of the main beams of the mid-ship bowed and cracked—this was repaired; they resolved to hold on their voyage.

And so after many boisterous storms, in which they could bear no sail, they fell in with land called Cape Cod, in November, 1620. After touching at several points on the shore in a storm of snow and rain, the sea very rough, they broke their rudder, which was supplied by two men with a couple of oars. The storm increasing as night came on, they broke their mast in three pieces, and their sails fell overboard into a grown sea. Like to

have been cast away, yet by God's mercy they recovered themselves; and having the flood tide with them, struck into the harbor and got under the lee of a small island, (Clark's Island,) finally landed on Forefathers' Rock at Plymouth, December 11, 1620, O. S.; the dense forest before them filled with Indians and wild beasts and the stormy ocean behind them, without a shelter, winter setting in.

The settlement was immediately begun by building houses. Their work went on slowly. Cold weather, snow and rain hindered them, subjecting them to great sufferings. Sickness diminished their numbers, and a fire consumed their storehouse. By March, 1621, only fifty-five remained of their whole number. yet they were not discouraged.

On the 16th of March an Indian walked into town and saluted them in broken English with the exclamation, "welcome Englishman." His name was Samoset, a Sagamore of Monhegan in Maine. He had learned some English by intercourse with fishing vessels and traders on the coast. The settlers now learned that Massasoit, the great sachem in the country, was near with a train of sixty men. His visit was friendly, and a treaty was made which was observed inviolate for half a century.

A settlement was made in Weymouth in 1622. Other emigrants came over from time to time, and settled in Charlestown, Roxbury, Salem, Dorchester, Ipswich and Newbury. In September, 1630, the foundation of Boston was laid. At a later period some of these settlers found their way through the wilderness, over hill and dale, mountain and stream, to the beautiful valley of the Connecticut, and removed their families thither; commenced their settlements in some of the river towns above and below us, as Springfield, Hadley, Hatfield, Wethersfield, Windsor and Hartford; what was then called Stony-brook, (now Suffield,) being avoided on account of the very heavy timber growing upon her soil; being a dense forest or "a very woody place."

This township was purchased of two Indian Sachems for £30, and in 1670 was granted to Major John Pynchon and others by the General Court of Massachusetts.

Suffield is situated on an elevation of sandstone, which divides the lower valley of the Connecticut into an upper and lower

basin. This elevation deprives Suffield of the alluvial interval lands found in those towns above and below us.

In April, 1670, a petition from sundry of the inhabitants of the town of Springfield was presented to the General Court at Boston, praying for a grant for a township at Stony-brook or Southfield, as this place was then called, (now Suffield). That petition was referred to a proper committee, who in due time made a favorable report to the General Court; and two hundred years ago to-day, the grant was passed by the General Court at Boston for a township at Stony-brook plantation, so called.

The settlement of the town commenced that year, (1670).

Two brothers by the name of Harmons came here and settled about one mile west of High Street, what is now on or near the road leading from said High Street to West Suffield. Others soon followed; so that when the town was organized at its first general Town Meeting, held on the 9th of March, 1681–2, which was convened in accordance with an order of the General Court, passed at their session held October 12th, 1681, to organize the town, when about eighty proprietors were present to make choice of the municipal officers and discharge the committee, they being present, who had managed the affairs of the town from the time of the grant in 1670.

But our orators and poets on this occasion will give you a good account of the results of that beginning made here two hundred years ago.

May this day, by the blessing of God, prove to be one of the best days ever witnessed by the *sons and daughters of Old Suffield* and their descendants; and may it long be remembered by the generations who succeed us; and will they celebrate the *occasion* at the end of each succeeding *one hundred years*?

Following this, an Invocation by the Rev. Joel Mann, and reading of the Scriptures, by the Rev. Dwight Ives, D. D., selections from the first chapter of John and the eleventh of Hebrews; followed by Prayer by the same gentleman. Then an original hymn was sung by the choir, entitled "Two Hundred Years Ago."

TWO HUNDRED YEARS.

COMPOSED FOR THE OCCASION BY REV. S. D. PHELPS, D. D.

I.

Where now a joyous throng we stand,
And beauties round us glow,
Stood a dense forest wild and grand,
Two hundred years ago.
How vast the change, from old to new!
'Twould strike the fathers dumb;
But what shall fill the children's view
Two hundred years to come?

II.

What struggles, perils, toils and fears
They had to brave and know,
Ere comforts blessed the pioneers,
Two hundred years ago.
For varied luxuries we possess,
They had no thought or room;
But what they'll have, O who can guess,
Two hundred years to come?

III.

The dwelling, dress and style of yore
Were plain and free from show;
They spun and wove the things they wore
Two hundred years ago.
If flash and fashion rule the age,
And mark our progress some,
Pray, what shall be the rush and rage
Two hundred years to come?

IV.

The church and school, so simple then,
Expressed the heart's outflow;
Earnest were those strong, thoughtful men
Two hundred years ago.
In grander fane and temple found,
Refinement's richer home,
Th' old virtues *live*—will they ABOUND
Two hundred years to come?

V.

Through all the past, life's growing tide
Has met the one grim foe;
Old are the graves of those who died
Two hundred years ago.
We swell the stream whose murmuring rolls
The cadence of the tomb;
What were our lives, and where our souls,
Two hundred years to come?

Col. P. B. Randall

ADDRESS OF WELCOME,

By Rev. Walter Barton.

The Executive Committee have assigned to me the very pleasant duty of giving to the returning sons and daughters of Suffield a few words of welcome. It would have been more fitting, perhaps, that the address of welcome should come from one who had always been a resident of the town. For however much I may regret the fact, I must frankly confess that I have not yet been able to ascertain whether any or all of "the three brothers," to whom, of course, my pedigree runs back, ever settled in this town or not. But being, as I am, very desirous to claim some share with you in the gladness and glory of this great celebration, I, of course, am bound to make my connection with you somehow. Failing to make any connection with you genealogically, I was able to find, on looking up the old records, that I could make a connection with you geographically, on this wise: Up to the year 1749, Suffield was one of the places included in Hampshire County, Mass. As I was born in that county I concluded not to search the records any further, but to consider myself born in the same colony and county, in the same precinct and on the same plantation with the rest of you.

To prove that this connection is not a fancied one merely, I may take the liberty to say that before Suffield was settled, or soon after, in order to keep up communication with Hartford, we who lived at the upper end of the plantation, in what is now known as Hadley and Northampton, used to have our teams drafted to repair the Suffield roads. Such instances are on record. Very likely it was owing to our cutting down the brush and making such good roads, or keeping them in such excellent repair that you were first induced to settle here.

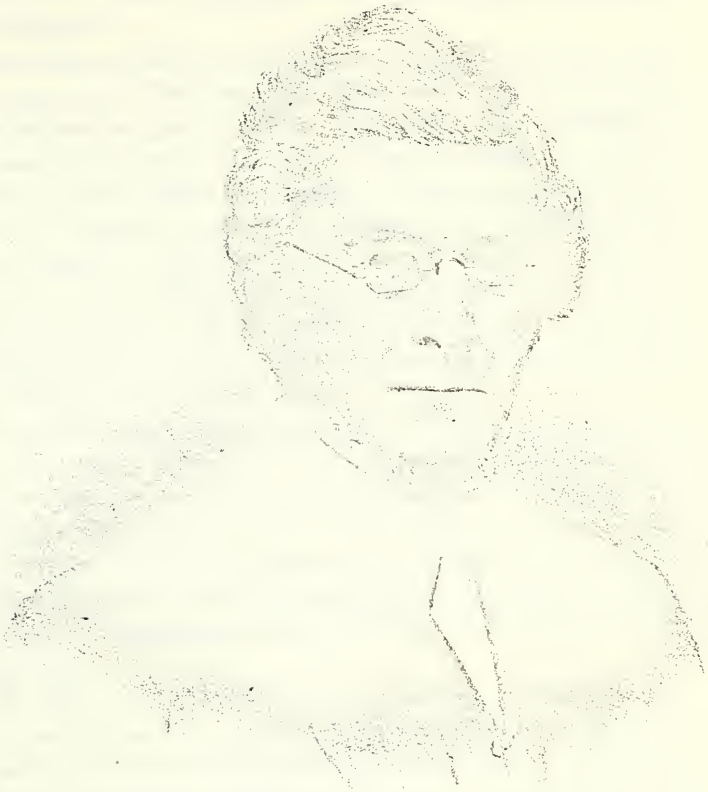
Be that as it may, I stand here to welcome to the scenes and ceremonies of this Bi-Centennial occasion, and also to the hearts and homes of the people, all former residents of the place, and all who by any other ties of relationship or friendship are specially interested in commemorating Suffield's natal day.

How eminently befitting is it, in this busy and fast age, to improve a day like this by reviewing the lives and labors of the brave and good who have gone before us! We have so much to do, to care for, to think, read and talk about, in regard to what is going on in the wide, wide world, that there is great danger of our forgetting the past and what is due to it from the present.

The prophet says, "ask שאל now of the days that are past." This the orator of the day will help us to do; and surely his review of these two centuries will furnish to each and to all of us lessons for our study, reflection and improvement in all the years to come. The occasion in itself is fitted to call forth the truest and best sentiments of our nature.

In ancient times it was customary to lead out the youths of royal families to gaze on the monuments of their ancestors, that they might thus be inspired to cultivate their virtues and emulate their heroism. A still higher authority says, "Tell ye your children of it, and let your children tell their children, and their children another generation." Who has not often read with deep interest of the great gatherings and glad memorial days of the ancient Hebrews? What a scene must it have been when they came up by families and tribes from all parts of Canaan to keep the feasts of the Lord at Jerusalem! How well fitted was this thrice yearly concourse at Jerusalem to counteract all the unsocial tendencies arising from their separation into distinct tribes, and to unite them all together as a nation of brethren!

It served to prevent all those unpleasant rivalries and jealousies which in time might have ripened into hostilities and collisions that would have rent their commonwealth in pieces. By being brought thus frequently together, the acquaintance of families and tribes was renewed, all feelings of clanish exclusiveness were repressed, and the social union more effectually consolidated. Though the chief design of these annual festivals was to perpetuate the memory of the great events on which they were



Yours Truly,

Daniel W. Norton.

severally founded, other important ends were doubtless designed and secured by these assemblages. It would be a welcome respite from toil. They indulged in innocent hilarity, amusement and recreation.

I don't know whether or not the boys played base ball or the girls croquet, but I have no doubt they had other amusements and recreations as good or better. They not only worshipped; they feasted, they sang, and rejoiced together before the Lord.

And how much better for families, churches and communities now, if they had more of these seasons of healthful recreation and heartfelt rejoicing! Is it not well once in a while to forget our money-making and our worldly schemes, to forget also what particular trade and tribe, sect and party we belong to, and remember ourselves and one another as belonging to the great family of one common Father in Heaven?

You gather here to-day, not merely to glorify yourselves or your native town, although if you wanted to play the fool in an apostolic way, you might even boast yourselves a little, and not be thought either proud or vain in so doing. But your chief desire is rather to honor yourselves by honoring those who here, so early and so well, laid the foundations of the family, church and school, of intelligent society and christian civilization for all coming time.

Here "other men labored and ye are entered into their labors."

To those of you who were born and educated here, a thousand hallowed memories will come thronging back to-day, as you look once more upon these charming valleys, these dear old hills, and the yet dearer faces of familiar friends.

You will clasp each other by the hand and amid smiles and tears cry "old Suffield forever." Tell us if in all your wanderings you have found another Suffield yet? Do you not still sing, as you come back to the old homestead, "'Mid pleasures and palaces," etc.? The present year I have traveled two thousand miles through the Middle and Western States, and last year four thousand miles through the South and West, but in either journey I cannot say that I found a town which for fertility, thrift and beauty, for social and religious privileges would surpass your own. And others here who have traveled farther than that in the East and in the West have said the same. Indeed,

you who have never left the old homestead cannot appreciate the beauty and the blessing of a birth-place in this charming valley of the noble Connecticut.

How often in the years that are past have your thoughts wandered away to this home of your childhood! And how happy are you to come back and shake hands again with those that still remain of your family friends and early companions! How it awakens also the liveliest emotions of gratitude to God, who caused the lines to fall to you in such pleasant places and gave you so goodly an heritage! 'Tis true you will look in vain for some who by reason of death are not permitted to be with us on this occasion. The names of many who once walked these streets, worked in these fields and worshipped in these churches, side by side with you, you will read in the different cemeteries of the town.

But others have taken their places, and though many of us are strangers to you, and many of you are strangers to us, we are all one in our sympathies with you and in our greeting to you on this memorial day. We all feel greatly honored by your presence with us, and we are all alike interested to honor the memories of those noble, self-denying, God-fearing men and women "who for the glory of God and the advancement of the Christian faith," began the settlement of this place two hundred years ago.

But I must not keep you longer from the good things in store for you. I was only appointed to answer your rapping at the door of your dear old home, and to say in behalf of the whole Suffield family, "glad to see you, walk in, take off your things, sit right down and make yourselves perfectly at home." As I cannot shake hands with you all individually, as I should like to do, let me ask the resident citizens of Suffield here present to rise up and allow me to gather up all their hands into one great hand and reach it out, through the hand of this son of Suffield from Ohio, to all our guests and say, welcome each, welcome all.

RESPONSE,

By S. A. Lane, Esq., of Akron, Ohio.

Mr. President; Ladies and Gentlemen:—It is, to me, gratifying beyond expression, that I am permitted to participate with you in celebrating the TWO HUNDREDTH anniversary of the settlement of this my native town. But it is not quite so gratifying to find myself the sole respondent to the very able and the very cordial address of welcome, to the returning wanderers, which has just been pronounced.

The honored chairman of your committee, in his kind letter of invitation, expressed the desire that in response to said address, I should give *one of my familiar talks* in regard to my recollections of Suffield when I was a boy. To this I assented on the supposition that there were to be several similar responses, and that any formal reply to the address would devolve upon other and abler speakers than myself. Indeed, I had been informed that the names of at least two professional "talkists" had been associated with my own in the performance of the pleasing task, now by a change in the programme, and by an error of judgment on the part of the committee, devolved wholly upon myself. Fortunately, however, both for myself and for my auditors, the limited space of time which I may occupy will render my task comparatively easy, and the infliction upon my hearers correspondingly light.

Forty years ago, Mr. President, I left you, a chubby, round faced, ruddy-cheeked, dark-haired, black-eyed, and—if tradition speaks truly—a *tolerably good looking* boy of fifteen years of age. To-day I come back to you a gaunt, sallow-visaged, grizzly-headed, dim-sighted old man of fifty-five.

Forty years! A long period of time, truly, when, with the eyes of youth and hope, gazing forward into the future. But O, how short, when retrospectively considered—but the merest

fragment of the countless cycles that form the unnumbered centuries of the past!

Yet as brief a period of time as it in reality is, what great and important changes have taken place within those forty years! Events mightier by far, and of vastly greater significance and influence upon the interests of civilization and human progress, have taken place within that brief period than, with perhaps a single exception, in the entire one hundred and sixty years, besides, of the two centuries whose termination you now celebrate.

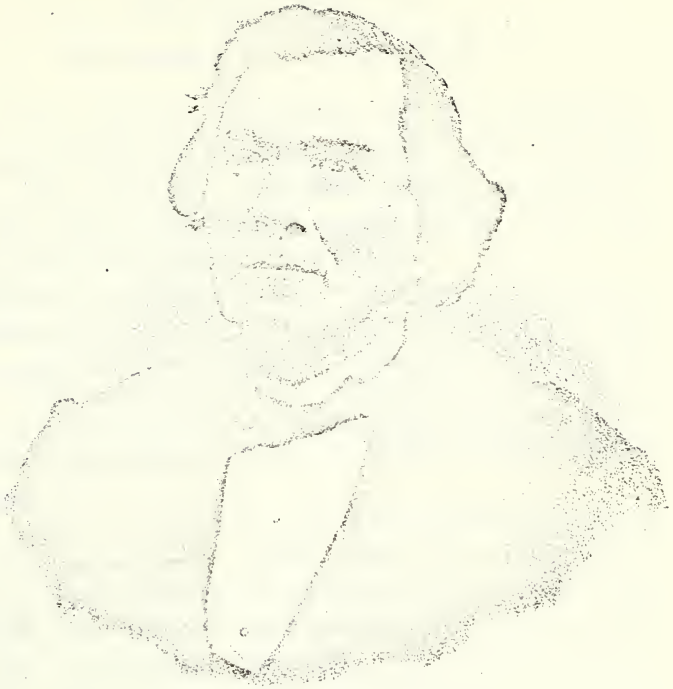
Were it proper for me to do so, in this connection, time would not permit me to give even the briefest history of all those great and grand events. Among them, however, I may pause to mention the inauguration of the great and ever extending system of railways which has wrought such a revolution in the modes of travel and transportation in this and other lands; the application of electricity to the purposes of telegraphic communication, by which not only time and distance have been annihilated, both in our own and in foreign countries, but which, spanning and fathoming the ocean, has drawn the two great continents of the earth so closely together that the mightiest or the minutest event transpiring in any portion of the one may be known, in detail, throughout the length and breadth of the other within the very hour of its occurence; the application of science to agricultural, manufacturing and domestic operations, whereby one controlling mind can, with nerves of steel and muscles of iron, accomplish vastly more labor in a given time, than could formerly be done by hundreds of the most skillful operatives; but towering high above them all, so far as its influence upon our own development is concerned, stands the gigantic moral, social and political revolution by which four millions of bondsmen have been endowed with all the attributes of independent and enfranchised citizens.

But, Mr. President, I may not enlarge upon these and kindred topics so full of interest and of hope to this and the other nations of the earth, and will only say, in conclusion, that during the entire period of my absence from Old Suffield—whether it may seem longer or shorter to my hearers—my mind has ever reverted with pleasure to the fond associations of my boyhood, and my early recollections of my native town. In all my wanderings, having visited nearly every State and Territory now embraced

within the limits of the United States, the British Possessions upon the North, and portions of Mexico and Central America upon the South, besides a number of prominent Islands of both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans; and though I have seen many magnificent cities and beautiful towns, and rural paradises without number, my boyhood recollections of Suffield overshadow them all in point of loveliness, grandeur and sublimity. And I presume I but speak the sentiments of all present, who, like me having strayed away from their ancestral homes in early life, are here to-day to participate in these anniversary exercises, when I say that each recurring visit but seems to lighten the coloring of those recollections and enhance my reverence for my native town.

Again, Mr. President, both for myself and the large number of Suffield-born visitors present, I sincerely thank you for the opportunity thus afforded us of joining with you in celebrating this important anniversary, and for the very cordial greeting which is being extended to us by our old friends and neighbors, and their worthy descendants and successors, the present intelligent and enterprising occupants of the truly "sacred soil" of dear, delightful Old Suffield.

ODE BY THE CHOIR.



Thine Ever
James L. Hodge D.D.

ADDRESS,

By the Rev. J. L. Hodge, D. D.

Hon. D. W. Norton: Dear Sir:—My own personal acquaintance with the town of Suffield extends only as far back as forty years, but from a somewhat intimate knowledge of many of its oldest inhabitants, I became familiar with much that has greatly interested me in its history.

Suffield has been largely favored of the Lord, not only in its natural advantages, but also in the character of its people. They may be regarded as an intelligent, thrifty, and religious population. With clear and decided convictions in reference to divine and secular truth, as a community, they have always been remarkably tolerant of the views held by those differing from them.

I was ordained as a pastor in one of the churches there about thirty-seven years since.* I heard much of the character and excellence of those who had preceded me in the ministry of the town, such as the "Gays," father and son, both eminent in their day. The two Hastings, also father and son, who, like the Gays, did much for the honor and advancement of religion among the people. In a later day, there was Morse and Waldo,†

* First Baptist Church, on Zion's Hill.

† Rev. Daniel Waldo was born in Windham, Conn., Sept. 10th, 1762. He remained at home on the farm until 1778, when at the age of sixteen he was drafted as a soldier for a month's service, during a time of imminent peril at New London, and soon after enlisted as a volunteer in the service of the State. He was captured by the Tories at Horseneck, and carried to New York, where he was confined in the "Sugar House," then the grand depot for prisoners; but after a confinement of two months was exchanged. Subsequently he resumed his labors on the farm, and we next find him, about the age of 21, commencing study, and graduated at Yale College in the class of 1788. He studied Theology with Dr. Hart, of Preston, Conn., and was licensed to preach by the association of Windham county. May 23d, 1792, he was ordained and installed as pastor of the Second Congregational Church, (at West Suffield,) where he remained until 1809. In 1810–11 he preached at Cambridgeport, Mass., after which he served as missionary in Rhode Island till 1820, then preached a while at Harvard, then settled for twelve years at Exeter, Conn. After which he resided in New York, and retired from

men of might and of mark, whose influence for good is yet felt in a large degree.

The Baptists in Connecticut were greatly indebted to Rev. Asahael Morse for important services rendered to them in securing civil advantages, and in the formation of their missionary organizations. Elder Morse was a great man in every sense. His mind was not only of the highest order, but he was learned above many of his day, and one of the most eloquent of preachers.

A master in biblical interpretation, and in a knowledge of divinity he had few equals. When he engaged in debate upon questions relating to civil or religious liberty, he never failed to show the "hiding of his power." I question whether any town in the favored State of Connecticut was ever more blessed with revivals of religion, or ever appreciated such gracious visitations, more than yours. I regret that the pressing duties of a large pastorate in this city makes it difficult for me to give you a full report of my remarks made on the occasion of your Bi-Centennial in October last.

Thine ever,

JAMES L. HODGE.

---

any stated charge, occasionally supplying vacant pulpits. In 1856 Mr. Waldo, then 94 years of age, was elected Chaplain of the House of Representatives, discharging the duties of that position with general acceptance.

He died at Syracuse, N. Y., July 30th, 1864, aged 101 years, 10 months, and 20 days. His mind seemed to operate with a freedom little diminished till the day of his death. He died not from the effects of the decay of his physical powers, but from the effects of a fall—leaving a record bright with patriotism, benevolence, and holiness of life.—H. M. S.

SINGING BY THE CHOIR.

Yours truly John Lewis

HISTORICAL ADDRESS,

By John Lewis, Esq.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—We are gathered here to-day in obedience to the better impulses of our nature. We have come, actuated by the love of kindred; by affection for the land of our ancestors and the spot of our birth-place; by reverence for the noble, patient, heroic spirits of the past; by a deep sense of obligation and gratitude to those through whose faithful and devoted lives we are enabled to meet under circumstances so happy and so propitious. We have come from diverse stations and employments, from multiform and strangely varied experiences, from widely distant localities. But we have come with a common purpose, with hearts stirred by common emotions and united by common ties. Here is the spot of our origin. About this place cluster the recollections of childhood, and the tender affections that center in home and kindred and friends. Here our fathers lived. These places their feet have trod. These hills and valleys their eyes have been wont to behold. These fertile acres their hands reclaimed from the primitive forest, and their brows watered with the sweat of honest toil. Here they planted the school and the church. Here they laid deep and solid the foundations of our present civilization. And here, in the fullness of time, they were gathered, generation after generation, unto their fathers, and their bones laid to rest in the soil which they had reclaimed from the forest and the savage. And now, standing upon this consecrated ground, with all these hallowed associations round about us, and all these tender memories thronging our hearts, can we fail to catch the inspiration of the hour and the place; can we fail to enter with earnest and devoted hearts into the services and festivities of this occasion?

But the memorial tributes and rejoicings of this anniversary, though prompted by the more tender and pathetic attributes of

our nature, and responding more especially to the sympathies and affections, are not without their practical bearing. We are met, not simply to give expression to our feelings of honor and gratitude and love, but also to study the lives and characters of those who have filled these places during the last two hundred years. From this study we may derive a fund of historical experience and knowledge, the value of which cannot be questioned. For in the lives of all, in business, in morals, in politics, in all the avocations and walks of life, there arise emergencies when the light of experience is pre-eminently needed; and this experience can be gathered from the study of history. For human nature, though it may appear in different circumstances and under new modifications, is always the same in its essential elements. And all events, of whatever nature or description, are governed by the same undeviating laws of cause and effect. Therefore if we would forecast the issue of any particular enterprise or combination of circumstances, or if we would predict the course of men in the presence of any particular temptations or in any given emergency, we must study human nature and the social and material laws of all phenomena as revealed in the history of the past. And so the examples of *our* fathers; their successes, their failures, their errors, if rightly understood and appreciated, will become lamps to our feet in the future that is before us.

Still other benefits that result from occasions like this are of a social and personal nature. Brought together in friendly intercourse, are men and women from different sections of our country, habituated, it may be, to different climates, to different scenes and customs and societies. Representatives of all the various avocations, and of all the contrasts of social position and individual experience, meet here on common ground to compare past adventures and to revive old memories. Out of this friendly interchange of thoughts and feelings and recollections there comes a better social culture, and more liberal and more cosmopolitan ideas. And better than all else, these occasions tend to breathe into the soul a new and more earnest life, to inspire higher and nobler purposes, to create more strength and more determination to grapple with the great tasks and problems of life.

This is not, therefore, a mere holiday on which we have met

to pass the time in idle enjoyment, but an occasion of deep significance, based on the realities of the past and reaching forward to modify the results of the future, developing influences that should warm and inspire every heart, and involving possibilities of good whose effects may be felt to the end of time.

The historian of Suffield labors under certain intrinsic disadvantages. Especially is this true in the present age, when we have become so accustomed to grand and startling events. We have witnessed the conflicts of mighty armies joined in battles more terrific than the world has ever seen before. We have witnessed the successful completion of vast industrial enterprises, enterprises that revolutionize commerce and modify the thoughts of christendom. We have mingled in the discussion of social and political questions of the most vital and absorbing interest. And we have become so familiar with these magnificent displays of power, and with these intense nervous and intellectual excitements, that we are in danger of losing our interest in the ordinary affairs of life. It is necessary, therefore, to realize at the outset that the history of Suffield will not lead us through a succession of these grand events; that its history is not that of a great nation, controlling millions of men, dealing with vast resources and setting on foot mighty armies, but simply the history of a *town*, which, however important and exemplary as a town, is yet only one of many thousand similar subdivisions into which our country is distributed, and which can only furnish us events of a common character and a history made up of the ordinary every-day life of the ordinary men and women of their time. But notwithstanding this lack of general interest, the subject possesses one great advantage which to us may well compensate for all others; it is the story of *our* fathers and the history of our *native place.*

About ten years after the landing of the Pilgrims, in 1620, reports of the great river Quonnetticut, of its fertile meadows

and luxuriant scenery, began to reach the settlements on Massachusetts Bay. In 1633 some explorations were made in the valley, and shortly after the towns of Windsor, Hartford, Springfield and Wethersfield were founded. Prior to the settlement of Suffield, seventeen towns were thus established in the Connecticut Valley, scattered from the mouth of the river to the northern part of Massachusetts. These towns were connected by rude pathways, threading their devious routes among the hills and primitive forests. Two of these pathways traversed Suffield, or Stony Brook, as it was then called. One entered the town in the northeast, and took its course through Crooked Lane and High street to South street, and was known as the Springfield road. The other, entering the town in the northwest, came down across Hastings' Hill, and united with the Springfield road near the north end of South street. From South street the two roads united and passed down through Windsor to Hartford.

A bird's-eye view of Stony Brook at this period would reveal an almost unbroken forest. The oak and the pine growing unmolested for centuries reared their gigantic forms on every hand, at once evidence of the fertility of the soil and obstacles to its subjugation by the pioneer. Along the border of Muddy and Stony brooks would be seen a narrow border of meadow-land, probably the only open lands visible in the whole landscape. Glimpses might be caught of an occasional traveler or of some emigrant party pursuing their lonely way between the upper and the lower towns on the river. Possibly we might discern the wigwam of the Indian and follow his dusky form as he stole through the forest in pursuit of game, or loitered with his fishing tackle on the banks of our little streams. It is doubtful, however, whether the Indian ever formed a permanent abode within the present limits of our town. The Poquonnocs of Windsor, and the Woronnocs of Westfield, seem to have been the nearest tribes. But the Indians laid claim to this territory as a part of their hunting ground, and this claim was formally extinguished by Mr. Pynchon, of Springfield, to whom they deeded the twenty-three thousand acres of Stony Brook for the consideration of thirty pounds sterling, or less than one cent per acre. From numerous arrow-heads and other relics found here,

we know that Stony Brook has been visited by the Indians, but probably they only came to form temporary encampments, or in transient hunting parties, to pursue for a time the pleasures of the chase.

In the intercourse between the upper and lower towns on the river, the territory of Stony Brook was frequently traversed, and its natural advantages, together with the apparent fertility of its soil, became well known in Springfield, and being a part of that town, it was natural that the first movements towards its settlement should originate in that place. The first of these attempts was made in 1660, when a petition was preferred to the General Court at Boston, praying for a grant of land at Stony Brook. This petition received a favorable answer, but for some reason the enterprise was abandoned. In 1669 the selectmen of Springfield assumed authority to form and direct the settlement. They made several grants of land, and among others to Samuel and Joseph Harmon, who, it is thought, in the following summer, took up their abode on the Northampton road, in the vicinity of the Stony Brook. In the fall of the same year (1670), a petition was brought to the October session of the General Court at Boston, by citizens of Springfield, asking for permission to establish a plantation at "a place called by ye name of Stony River." On the 12th day of October, 1670, the General Court took this petition into consideration, and granted to the petitioners permission to settle there a township, six miles square, on condition that in five years they should have twenty families settled there, and should at the close of that period maintain an able minister. At the same time a committee of six, with John Pynchon as chairman, was appointed to manage the affairs of the plantation, and to superintend its settlement. This committee met in January, 1671, and adopted a set of rules, in accordance with which they should proceed in the discharge of their functions. It was determined to grant land in parcels of sixty, fifty, and forty acres, according to the condition and rank of the grantee; and that in all grants there should be one acre of meadow to nine of upland. It was further determined to lay out and settle the town in divisions, separated by highways twenty rods wide, and to cut these divisions into

sections by roads eight rods wide. If this plan was ever carried out, all trace of it is now lost, and there is nothing in the present aspect of the town to indicate that such a disposition was actually made of the first settlers. At this meeting of the committee, grants of land were made to the following persons: Samuel Harmon, Joseph Harmon, Nathaniel Harmon, Zerubbabel Fyler, and Robert Old. The grants to Samuel and Joseph Harmon were probably confirmations of the land they had previously taken up on the Northampton road. Unfortunately, no documents have yet been discovered that definitely state the time, place, and circumstances of the first settlement of Suffield. We know when the settlement was authorized, when and to whom lands were first granted, but this is all. While it is quite certain that the Harmons were the pioneers of the town, and that they came here in 1670, the exact date of their settlement is not known.

From 1670 to 1674, inclusive, the committee were active in advancing the interest of the plantation. Grants of land were made to thirty-six persons, the town surveyed, roads laid out, a corn and saw mill erected, a common laid out in High street for public uses, a lot set apart for the use of the minister, and another for educational purposes. In 1674, also, by application to the General Court, the name was changed to Southfield, or Suffield, and in that year alone twenty-one grants of land were made. Everything indicated that the young settlement was prosperous. But the outbreak of King Philip's war, which occurred in 1675, put a sudden stop to its progress. Those who had taken up their grants of land were obliged to remove to places of greater security, and Stony Brook was abandoned to the wild beast and the savage. A blank of about two years occurs in the records of the committee, after which, in 1676, they resumed their functions. Probably nearly, if not quite, all of the old settlers returned after the war to re-occupy the lands they had before taken up and improved. An endeavor was now made on the part of the committee to consolidate the inhabitants on High and Feather streets, for the convenience of self-protection. This design was in a measure accomplished, but the fears of the Indians which prompted it proved groundless, for there is no evidence and no tradition that they ever in any way

1779048

molested the young settlement. The committee, up to January, 1682, made a total of one hundred and fourteen grants of land, comprising about six thousand acres, or one-fourth the entire area of the town. In March, 1682, in compliance with an order of the General Court, obtained October 12th of the previous year, the legal voters of the plantation were convened, and the *town* of Suffield first organized. The committee having fulfilled the office to which they were appointed, were now discharged, and their authority superseded by that of the town. A board of five selectmen was elected, consisting of Anthony Austin, Samuel Kent, Thomas Remington, John Barber, and Joseph Harmon. The organization was completed by the election of other town officers, having essentially the same names and functions as at present. At this time there were about eighty families in the place, and a population of four or five hundred. A list of thirty-four persons comprised the legal voters of the town—a number which included less than half of the male adults. But it is to be remembered that Suffield was at this time a part of the Massachusetts Colony, where there existed both ecclesiastical and civil restrictions on the ballot—restrictions that gave the control of affairs to a small minority. The most numerous settlers were in High street. Here were located the Kings, Hanchets, Remingtons, Grangers, Kents, Nortons, Spencers, and Sikes. A road leading east from High street connected it with Feather street, where lived the Burbanks, Hollydays, Smiths, Trumbulls, and Palmers. In South street were the Austins, Risings, and Millers. On the western road were the Harmons and Copleys, and in Crooked Lane the Taylors, Hitchcocks, and Coopers.

Would that we might lift the veil of two centuries and catch a glimpse of the pioneer settlement as it was in 1682. There were the primitive highways, whose location I have already indicated. But let not the word *highways* suggest smooth turnpikes bordered by a few rods of grassy meadow, and enclosed by substantial fences. Think rather of rude pathways winding among the stumps and trees, which still occupied the land set apart for public travel. Along these pathways were scattered the dwellings of the settlers. These were cabins of the rudest architecture, containing for the most part but a single room,

lighted by one or two small windows, warmed by the huge fireplace, and furnished with rude stools, and tables, and shelves, and compelled to answer all the various needs of the family. Ricks of meadow grass and stooks of corn were carefully reared adjacent to the still ruder shelters provided for the cattle. Around these comfortless abodes lay a few acres of half-cleared land, with the charred stumps yet standing and the green copse about their roots. And beyond this little clearing, and surrounding it on every side, lay the dark, threatening forest, rearing aloft its mighty trunks in defiant grandeur.

From the organization of the town in 1682 until 1749, a period of nearly seventy years, there is no event of sufficient preeminence to serve as a landmark in our history. At the beginning of this period we behold a few hundred people, dispersed in rude cabins, in the midst of a dense forest, with nothing but their own strong arms and brave hearts to depend upon. At first the settler was fortunate if by dint of hard work he succeeded in producing enough for the comfortable subsistence of his family and his cattle. And when, after years spent in clearing land of the heavy forest and preparing it for crops, he was enabled to raise a surplus for market, other difficulties had to be encountered. Markets were distant and to be reached by a laborious and dangerous journey through almost pathless forests and over bridgeless streams. And when reached, it was more than likely that his produce must be exchanged for other commodities instead of the money he so much needed. Thus almost every circumstance conspired to increase the difficulties and discouragements of the early settler, and to keep him in well nigh hopeless poverty. Frequently the inhabitants were compelled to resort to the General Court and seek relief from the burden of taxation. And graciously the General Court listened to their prayers, granting sometimes an entire exemption from taxes, and sometimes permission to pay them in the produce of their farms. The exceeding scarcity of money is shown by the number and character of its substitutes. Thus, from time to time, corn, rye, wheat, oats, barley, flax, turpentine, and even iron were made receivable for taxes and passed current in the town. As late as 1725, it was voted that "iron should be accepted as town pay,

and should pass and be received into the town treasury at forty shillings per hundred weight." And so the history of this period is chiefly made up of the private struggles of each individual who found sufficient occupation in providing the absolute necessaries of life. And yet with patience, and fortitude, and Christian zeal they labored on, sustained by the consciousness of a noble work, and cheered by the hope of brighter days in the future.

The public business of the town during this period was much more varied than at present. Besides the ordinary superintendence of civil affairs, the town had charge of the ecclesiastical and educational interests of the settlement. Town meetings were more frequent than now, and in accordance with the notions of those days, all who were late or absent were subjected to a fine. At these meetings grants of land were made to new settlers, disputes between adjoining proprietors composed, the enlargement of swine, sheep, geese, and cattle regulated, the extirpation of crows, blackbirds, and other supposed pests of the farmer encouraged by bounties, and many other curious subjects legislated on, all of which have long since ceased to be the objects of public action on the part of the town. New roads were continually being required by the expanding settlement. In 1726 the road to Taintor's Hill was established, and in 1736 the road over the Mountain. And while our fathers attended to the material demands of the growing plantation, and devised material ways to promote its prosperity, they were not neglectful of its higher interests. Morals, religion, and education, from the very beginning of the settlement, received their due share of attention. Votes relating to these vital subjects are scattered thickly over the records of the town, and plainly evince the deep interest which our ancestors felt in the spiritual welfare of the people. And no higher testimonial can be given of their character than the fact that in the midst of such severe physical draughts upon their energies, and such depressing physical wants and burdens, they yet had time and spirit for deliberations, labors, and sacrifices in behalf of the intellectual and moral welfare of their being.

In addition to these internal activities, our fathers were also careful to assert their rights against the encroachments of sur-

rounding towns. In these early times it was impossible to determine the boundaries of towns or states with much accuracy. There existed no correct geographical idea of the country, instruments were much more rude and imperfect, and men less instructed in the science and art of surveying. It is not strange, therefore, that adjoining towns differed as to the precise location of the boundary line between them. From the earliest times these difficulties arose between Suffield and the inhabitants of Windsor and Simsbury. Many complaints were made against the people of these latter places, on account of depradations committed by them in what were claimed to be the forests of Suffield. The causes of the different parties were espoused by their respective colonies. Although the controversy was carried on with considerable acrimony at times, and formed the subject of many exciting discussions among the people, and of some correspondence between the colonies, yet no serious collision is known to have taken place. A disputed boundary question between Suffield and Westfield, after much fruitless controversy, was finally settled by litigation. A more serious difficulty, however, relating to boundaries arose between the two colonies of Massachusetts and Connecticut, involving Suffield as part of the territory in dispute. It will be remembered that Suffield was settled under direction of the General Court of Massachusetts, and by the people of Massachusetts. But within a quarter of a century her right to jurisdiction was questioned. In 1713 the colonies joined in a survey of the line between them, and Suffield, Enfield, Woodstock, and Somers were found to be within the chartered limits of Connecticut. But having been settled by Massachusetts, and being then under its jurisdiction, it was agreed between the colonies, but without consulting the towns themselves, that they should remain with the colony that founded them, and that Connecticut should receive in lieu thereof a tract of land in Western Massachusetts. This land was accordingly set out to Connecticut, being the territory now mainly comprised in the towns of Pelham, Belchertown, and Ware, and was subsequently sold and the proceeds given to Yale College. In a few years the dissatisfaction with this arrangement broke out in open measures of denunciation and attack. In 1724 Samuel Terry, of Enfield, and John Kent, of Suffield,

were appointed by their respective towns to draw up a petition to the General Assembly of Connecticut, setting forth the injustice and illegality of the agreement under which their chartered rights had been bargained away, and praying that colony to receive them under its jurisdiction. Other petitions of similar import, in some of which Woodstock and Somers also united, continued to be presented to the General Assembly of Connecticut from time to time. At last, in 1749, that body formally voted to receive them under its jurisdiction, and prepared to maintain their claims in whatsoever forum they should be impleaded. But Massachusetts, though making some threats of an appeal to England, quietly submitted to the choice of the towns, and never afterwards made any serious attempt to enforce its claim. It has been said that these towns, in thus endeavoring to come under the government of Connecticut, were influenced simply by a mercenary motive; that as Massachusetts had a larger public debt and imposed larger taxes than Connecticut, they took this way to escape the pecuniary burdens laid upon them. It is sufficient answer to this charge to say that the towns took vigorous action on the subject more than twenty years before that debt was contracted, and before its burden could be felt. Their change of jurisdiction has also been stigmatized as a revolt and a secession. Let the facts answer. The towns were acknowledged by both colonies to be within the chartered limits of Connecticut. That charter conferred upon all the people embraced within its territorial limits equal and common rights and privileges, but did not give to one portion of the people power to alienate another portion. These towns had, therefore, so far as any power on this continent was concerned, an absolute and inalienable right to be under the government of Connecticut, and any bargain between the colonies in violation of that right was utterly void and of no effect. Their claim rested on a substantial foundation, both of law and of justice. And while it is true that they had a motive in prosecuting their claim, it consisted not in any mercenary or disloyal feelings, but in a manly determination to obtain their rights, and in a laudable desire to enjoy the more liberal civil franchises which this charter secured to the citizen,

and of which they were unlawfully deprived so long as they were under the government of Massachusetts.

Thus for more than three-quarters of a century Suffield was to all effects and purposes a part of Massachusetts. This fact adds many difficulties to the study of our history, for the records and documents relating to it are scattered over two States instead of one.

The period from 1749 until the outbreak of the Revolution is chiefly distinguished in colonial history by the French and Indian wars. Soon after the colonization of this country was begun, a struggle arose between France and England for supremacy in America. Several wars succeeded each other, in which the colonists were obliged to take the brunt of the burden. To these wars Suffield contributed her proportion of troops, and in them she was represented by Major General Phineas Lyman. He bore an active and honorable part in the various campaigns, and at the final close of the struggle, in 1763, he went to England to secure a grant of land for himself and other colonial officers. Having been successful in his object, he returned to this country in 1772, and soon after died in the region of the Mississippi, where the grant was located. General Lyman represented the town in the legislative assemblies of Connecticut and Massachusetts, and took a leading part in its public business and enterprise. He was the first of her sons who rose to eminence in the country at large, and is deserving of a prominent place in our esteem.

The close of Mr. Lyman's career marks very nearly the completion of the first century of our history. From two little cabins on Stony Brook, with their lonely inmates, the town had expanded to a population of about two thousand persons, scattered over its entire area, and possessed of a property valuation of about sixty thousand pounds sterling. Patience, industry, and intelligence had received their reward.

About the beginning of the second century of our history those dissensions between America and England which led to the Revolution began to inflame the popular mind. Already

the large cities were wild with excitement, and popular meetings for deliberation and action were frequent throughout the country. A league, known as the non-importation agreement, was being voluntarily entered into by the colonists, in which they bound themselves to discontinue the importation of all articles not absolutely necessary to life, and united to encourage the domestic manufacture of all such goods as they had been accustomed to receive from England. In 1770, while this agreement was before the country, and the excitement over the troubles increasing, our fathers came together to deliberate on the state of the country, and to give public expression to their sentiments. Would that we might look in upon that brave assembly, watch their earnest and determined faces, listen to the outpouring of their patriotism and devotion, and breathe the noble spirit that pervaded their hearts. But a hundred years has drawn its impenetrable veil over the scenes of that day, and we must content ourselves with the final result of their deliberations. They adopted a series of resolutions abounding with patriotic devotion, expressing hearty approval of the non-importation agreement, and pledging themselves to perform and maintain it. The resolutions, in closing, denounce those who shall violate the agreement in the following spirited language: "Let the goods of such single souled wreches that Regard nothing but their own interest, that Cultivate and Endeavour to promote the Same in a way evidently Ruinous to their own Country, lie upon their own hands. Let their Crime be their punishment, and Should the Deplorible Event of the Loss of American Liberty take place, may themselves be accounted as Ignominus, Disgracefull, and Selvish mortals, and unfit for Societi by Every brave, Noble Patriot and virtuous american, and may their Names Descend to the Remotest Posterity with all that ignominy and Disrespect they so justly merit and Deserve." They also voted to enter these resolutions among the records of the town, "as a moniment to be handed Down to Posterity wherein they may See and behold how Carefull the present Age have bin to transmit to them the inestimable Privileges of Liberty and freedom, and to Excite them to the Like Conduct on Similar Occasions." These are their words to posterity and to us, recorded that we might know how provident

they were of our welfare. What a contrast between the gathering of to-day and that of a hundred years ago! Now all is joy, prosperity, and peace. We are a constituent part of a mighty nation, celebrated for the liberty and beneficence of its institutions, and renowned for the intelligence and industry of its people. Then dark clouds rolled athwart the heavens, threatening danger, and tumult, and war. A frowning and mysterious future lay before the people, into which they were bravely marching in the path of duty, ignorant of whether it would lead them to glory or the grave. They were met on that occasion to give open and public support to a cause which, if *not* successful, might end in treason and in death. Oh, the noble daring! Oh, the unparalleled devotion and self-sacrifice! Oh, the sublime faith in the potency of truth, and justice, and liberty that animated and sustained the hearts of our fathers in that dark hour of our history. Had they yielded or faltered *then*, who can tell how much we, how much humanity, would have lost? But they yielded not until faith was changed to victory, and their brows received the crown of immortal honor.

Such deliberate and universal opposition warned England that she must desist from her odious and oppressive policy of taxing the colonies without their consent. But, fortunately for us and the world, she did not heed the warning. More oppressive and more insulting measures continued to be enacted by the British Parliament, and both parties waxed more and more exasperated, and more and more determined upon their respective lines of action. The Port of Boston was closed, and in consequence thousands of persons were thrown out of employment and reduced to the extremes of want. This tyrannical act roused the whole country, embittering the opposition of the colonists, and calling forth the loudest denunciations. Again our fathers convened, and this time on a day that was soon after to become forever memorable in the history of civil liberty—*July 4th*, 1774. Resolutions were passed denouncing the policy of England, and expressing sympathy for the unfortunate people of Boston, and a committee was appointed to raise money for the relief of its suffering poor.

But the time was at hand which should demand something more of our fathers than resolutions and charity. The time

was at hand when their stamina and patriotism were to be tested. The time was at hand when the long contest of words between the colonies and the mother country was to issue in blood. Winter passed away, and the spring of 1775 was ushered in. The trees budding and blossoming under the genial influences of the season, the grass springing in the meadows, the air resonant with the songs of returning birds, and the farmer preparing his ground for the reception of the seed, were all tokens of joy and of peace. But the beautiful picture is dissolved as Lexington sends its dreadful echoes through the country. There were messengers galloping in hot haste, and alarm-fires burning on the hills. Everywhere there was hurry, bustle, and confusion. The husbandman left his plow, the smith his forge, and the mechanic his workshop. Arms were brightened, accoutrements improvised, farewells spoken, and then the face was turned towards Boston. All the avenues to the threatened city were filled with men thronging and converging to the seat of war. What now of Suffield! A few words heading a dingy pay-roll in the library at Hartford are the recorded history of the town in that momentous period:— "Marched from Suffield for relief of Boston in the Lexington Alarm, April, 1775, Captain Elihu Kent and one hundred and fourteen men." The promptness with which this company was enlisted and started on its march to Boston eclipses anything done by the present generation in the late war.

The troops which poured into Boston in the uprising immediately after the battle of Lexington were an unorganized and undisciplined mass, enlisted for a few days or weeks, or perhaps without any definite enlistment at all. They soon returned, and their places were supplied by new and regular levies. Accordingly within a month Captain Kent and his company were again in Suffield. In May of the same year, 1775, a second company was recruited in Suffield, under command of Captain Oliver Hanchett, who was also first lieutenant of the former company. This company consisted of one hundred and three men, some of whom re-enlisted from Captain Kent's company. But making allowances for these re-enlistments, more than a hundred and fifty men entered the Continental service from Suffield within a month from the battle of Lexington. Captain

Hanchet's company remained about Boston during the summer of 1775, and is thought to have participated in the battle of Bunker Hill. In September of this year it formed part of an expedition against Quebec. The execution of this enterprise required a long and perilous march through the wilderness to Canada. At the beginning of the march provisions for forty days were distributed to the various companies. In crossing streams, and forcing a way through swamps and forests, many accidents occurred, and many companies lost a part or the whole of their supplies. But it is recorded of Captain Hanchet that by his superior care and skill he preserved the provisions of his company from the casualties of the march, and was enabled to distribute a part of his supply to other companies, and to mitigate thereby the extremes of their suffering. It is impossible to describe the horrors of that march. For thirty days they pursued their fatiguing journey, amid cold, and rain, and famine, through forests, and swamps, and rivers, burdened with their arms and equipments, and tortured by the pangs of hunger. In a memorial paper to the General Assembly, the original of which under his own hand is still preserved in the State archives, Captain Hanchet says: "Having arrived before Quebec, in Endeavouring to take that City by Storm and by fortune of War, the Memorialist and Most of his Company who Survived the Attempt were taken, Made Prisoners, and himself put in Irons, and Continued in Captivity until the month of October, 1776." During this period of captivity he generously advanced to his company nearly a thousand dollars in good money, and by his timely charity saved them from much trouble and privation. These prisoners were subsequently exchanged, and the brave and worthy captain suitably remunerated by the legislature.

In 1776 a company was raised, partly in Suffield and partly in Windsor, by Captain John Harmon, of this town. It consisted of eighty men, most of whom enlisted from Suffield. This company formed part of the regular Continental army, and was probably in the campaign about New York. Here, it will be remembered, the enemy in the summer of 1776 massed about thirty thousand men, with the determination to reduce that city to their possession. To withstand this powerful force, Wash-

ington had an inferior number of troops, less efficiently disciplined and provided. To add to the peril of his situation and of the cause his little army was constantly being diminished by the return of soldiers whose terms of service had expired. In this emergency Washington had recourse to Governor Trumbull, of Connecticut. And in compliance with his requisition, and by vote of the General Assembly, all the militia west of the Connecticut river were ordered to march forthwith to New York. This was in the early part of August, and in the busy harvest season; but notwithstanding this, the call was responded to by fourteen regiments, who immediately set out for the front. Three companies marched from Suffield, including all the militia of the town, and probably nearly every man in the place liable to military duty. Before these troops could return, the harvest must be completed and crops gathered for the winter's supply. Our mothers were adequate to the emergency. With hearts torn by the anguish of recent separations, and heavy with the dangers of their country, they willingly assumed the double labors of the farm and the household, and patiently completed the harvest while their husbands, and brothers, and sons confronted the enemy in the field. The women of the Revolution! What eulogy can exaggerate the importance of their services? Who can estimate the value of their brave and encouraging counsels? Who can tell how much their noble and patriotic devotion contributed to the final triumph of the cause of their country and of liberty?

Two other companies seem to have been recruited, either wholly or in part, from Suffield, for the regular Continental army. One was commanded by Capt. Nathaniel Pomeroy, the other by Capt. Samuel Granger. Other calls were also made upon the militia when sudden emergencies arose and hasty levies were to be made. But these numerous and excessive demands of the army, and these great draughts on the physical energies of the people, after four or five years' experience, began to grow wearisome. The rampant enthusiasm of seventy-six died away. War was found to be a terrible reality. Its dangers and hardships so long and so manfully endured began at last to blunt the ardor of the people. Voluntary enlistments became less and less numerous, and finally ceased altogether.

In consequence of this, the authorities of the town, in 1780, were obliged to offer liberal bounties to induce volunteers to come forward. These bounties were increased from time to time, but proved ineffectual. Finally a committee was appointed and authorized to hire recruits sufficient to fill the quota of the town, on the best terms they could make. During the year from 1780 to 1781, fourteen town meetings were held, nearly all of which were specially called to deliberate on measures to raise men and money for the war. This fact alone shows the serious straits to which the town was reduced, and the arduous efforts necessary to fill its quota of troops.

The people also suffered the most severe taxation. At this period the grand list of the town was about one hundred thousand dollars. Before the war began the amount raised to defray the ordinary annual expenses of the town was from five to seven hundred dollars. But in 1778 a tax of five thousand dollars was levied, and in the year following one of fifteen thousand dollars. We of this generation know something of war, and of the extraordinary demands incident thereto. But our exertions and sacrifices, when compared with those of our fathers in the Revolution, become insignificant. Were we called upon now to raise two hundred thousand dollars in one year by taxation, and to send every able-bodied man into the field, we might realize somewhat the travail in which this great nation was born.

The total number of troops furnished by Suffield in the Revolutionary war cannot be exactly ascertained. Judging from the imperfect data at command, and including all who served in the regular army or militia for whatever period of time, the number cannot be placed at less than four hundred. Of this number thirty-two are known to have lost their lives in the struggle. Almost a century has passed away, in which their descendants have enjoyed the blessings procured at the cost of their blood. A century! and yet nothing has been done to perpetuate their names or to give public expression to our gratitude. The country is now at peace, and the town is rich and prosperous. We, in greater profusion than any previous generation, are reaping the precious fruits of their sacrifice. And it is to be hoped that at a day not far distant an appropriate

monument will arise, on whose imperishable stone shall be engraven, side by side, the names of those who fell in the war to establish the independence of our country, and the names of those who, in the late war, fell fighting for its preservation.

A glance at the industrial history of Suffield reveals many curious and interesting facts. At one time ship-building was quite extensively carried on along the river border. Many persons are known to have been engaged in it, and many vessels are known to have been launched. But no records remain sufficient to indicate the full extent of the business. Considerable quantities of iron were annually wrought into a variety of manufactured products. Nearly all farming utensils, and many of the implements required in the mechanical trades, were made in the shops of our blacksmiths. And in Boston Neck was located an establishment that turned out four or five thousand shovels annually. Turpentine was gathered as an article of commerce, oil manufactured from the seed of flax, and spirituous liquors brewed or distilled in large quantities. Salmon, as well as shad, were caught in great numbers from the river, and were frequently a drug in the market. Many persons embarked their capital in the indigo trade, and went long journeys through the Southern States to collect the article for commerce. Others engaged in the fur business with an energy and scope that reflected credit on the enterprise of the town. In our earlier history an inferior quality of earthen-ware was made here, and subsequently wooden-ware of various descriptions was manufactured. We have had cotton-mills and numerous tanneries. We have had carding-mills and fulling-mills. We have been able to boast of saddlers and coopers, of tailors and hatters. Once Suffield had her printing-press and published books, papers, and pamphlets. Once the stranger within her gates would not have been perplexed to find a house of public entertainment, for the time has been when Suffield had ten or twelve taverns in active operation. Previous to the last half-century every farm-house was a manufactory, in which were produced, with laborious and cunning industry, the textile fabrics for the household. In one year more than five thousand

yards of woolen cloth were thus manufactured. At the same time twenty or twenty-five thousand pounds of flax were yearly required for domestic consumption.

The more we study the industries of the last century, the more evident it becomes that the people were far in advance of the present century in enterprise and public spirit. Suffield was then a business centre for the surrounding country, ranking nearly on an equality with Hartford in wealth, population, and business activity. Now she has fallen into comparative insignificance. Formerly the capital and energies of her people were so employed as to build up the town and promote the prosperity of all its citizens. On the other hand, we now behold that capital transferred to distant cities and states, and invested in commercial and business enterprises that do not develop the town or yield any general advantage to our own community. If we have had a reason for this in the past, the long-deferred establishment of railroad communication has removed it. And now the present generation has the opportunity and the means to establish successful manufactures and other branches of business that shall start the town in a new career of prosperity.

Two law schools have at different times been conducted in Suffield, one by General Lyman, and one by the Honorable Gideon Granger. At these schools many distinguished members of the bar in this and surrounding counties received their legal instruction. In the early part of the present century, Suffield possessed five practicing lawyers, a circumstance which would seem to indicate a high degree of prosperity.

Suffield has given birth to many eminent men. She has produced two Postmaster Generals* of the United States, four members of Congress, one Major General, one Governor of Connecticut, two Governors of Vermont, two Governors of Pennsylvania, one Governor of Ohio, two Judges of the Supreme Court of Ohio, one Judge of the Supreme Court of Vermont, and one District Judge of the United States. To-day her sons are scattered throughout the country. Many of them have achieved substantial success in business or professional life, and many of them occupy distinguished positions of re-

* See note at close of this article.

sponsibility and trust in the national, state, and municipal governments of the country.

Thus far I have endeavored to sketch our outward and material progress from the foundation of the town to the close of the last century. And now a brief comparison of the condition of our people in the present and in the past, in respect to some of the more important elements of life and character, may not be uninteresting.

The most superficial glance at our history shows beyond question that in material wealth and comforts, in the development of the powers and resources of nature, in the multiplication of mechanical inventions, in facilities of communication and travel, in all physical surroundings of whatever nature, we have attained a vast superiority over our ancestors. There have been great changes and revolutions, and they have resulted in an apparent progress. But has there been a real and a true progress? Have we attained a nobler development of character? Do we live more perfect and more Christian lives? Do we exhibit a higher standard of manhood and womanhood? For a progress which does not produce *these* results, which does not enlarge, enrich, and ennoble man in the essential and immortal elements of his nature, is false and delusive. While, therefore, we have taken such immense strides in the outward and material circumstances of life, it becomes very pertinent for us to enquire whether we are also more manly and more womanly, whether we are distinguished by a superior moral, religious, and intellectual development. To answer these questions will involve a more critical examination of our history in its bearings upon our interior life and character.

And first a preliminary enquiry as to our physical nature. The common impression, especially among the older inhabitants is, that we have sadly degenerated in this respect. But this impression, so far as it is confined to our elders, may readily be accounted for. As men grow old they lose strength, vigor, and vivacity. The arm becomes feeble and the step uncertain. Feats of agility and strength that were once performed with ease, become difficult or impossible. And in consequence of this

condition of weakness and imbecility, their impressions of the world around them are modified and distorted into a conformity with their own individual states and experiences. The change which they imagine has taken place in the world without, has really taken place in themselves. But while this reasoning may account for the impressions of old men, it does not definitely answer the enquiry we have raised, whether in point of fact we have degenerated physically. In respect to direct physical power, to mere brute force, we undoubtedly have. But while we admit this against ourselves, the force of the admission is destroyed by the following considerations: First, the degree of physical power is no measure of physical excellence. A person of inferior stature and strength may be just as manly, may accomplish just as extensive and noble results in life, and may as completely fulfill the ends of human existence, as if possessed of the most gigantic bodily powers. And again we have so developed and applied the powers and forces of nature, and rendered them subservient to our interests and obedient to our commands, that great physical powers are hardly useful and no longer necessary to man. In all departments of industry, in agriculture, in the mechanical trades, in manufactures, in commerce, we can, with a given number of men, and in a given time, by the aid of modern appliances, accomplish vastly greater results than could our ancestors a hundred years ago. Every day and on every hand we give exhibitions of power which would fill our fathers with speechless amazement. Great physical strength, therefore, we do not need, and the lack of it is not a reproach. In regard to physical endurance and hardihood, and ability to withstand exposure, privation, and fatigue, the experiences of every day around us, and especially the history of the late war, prove that we are fully equal if not superior to our predecessors. Moreover, in all civilized countries the average duration of human life is slowly increasing. There is no evidence which indicates that Sufficld is an exception to the general rule. With life prolonged, with equal bodily endurance, with strength sufficient to meet the demands of our present civilization, and with less vital energy absorbed in muscular growth and activity, we may safely assert that we are physically better fitted than were our fathers before us to

achieve material success in the world, and far better qualified to gain the higher ends of a true human life.

I pass next to the subject of education. It will be remembered that at the very first meeting of the committee appointed to superintend the affairs of the plantation, held in January, 1671, an allotment of forty acres of land was set apart for the "Support and maintenance of a School, to continue and be Improved for and to that use forever, without any alienation therefrom." At the first town meeting of Suffield, held in 1682, a Mr. Trowbridge was invited to teach school in Suffield, but there is no evidence that he ever came. In 1693 the town voted to use its utmost endeavor to procure a schoolmaster "to teach children and youth to read, write, and cypher." A little later in the same year it was decided to locate the school at the most convenient place on High street. But it was not until May, 1696, twenty-six years after the foundation of the town, that a school was actually begun. Mr. Anthony Austin, though not without some misgiving, undertook the vocation of teacher, receiving a salary of twenty pounds per year. In 1703 the first school-house was erected, near the church on the green, and the dimensions were twenty feet long, sixteen feet wide, and six feet high. In 1740 the school was held in West Suffield, such a proportion of the time as its rates bore to the rates of the whole town. Soon after a school was regularly taught in the west parish. At this period the schools were under the management of the ecclesiastical societies, of which there were now two, the east and the west. Under their supervision the town was divided into districts, the east parish in 1763, and the west parish somewhat earlier. Reading, writing, and arithmetic made up the curriculum of the pioneer schools, but gradually one branch after another has been introduced, until now it is quite possible to obtain at our common schools what would, in the early times, have been regarded as a liberal education. The foundation and development of the Connecticut Literary Institution in the present century has conferred upon Suffield superior facilities for education and culture. It is possible to-day to obtain a better education within the limits of our own town than could have been had a century ago at Yale or Harvard. There can be no doubt but that the standard of education and scholarship exhibited by the present generation is far in advance

of that exhibited in the last century. If a doubt exists, it will be dispelled by perusing the documents and records that have come down to us from that time. In an examination of one of these documents we almost uniformly observe that there is no system in the use of capitals, which are distributed promiscuously over the page, without regard to parts of speech or emphasis of words; that no standard of orthography is observed, the same word being frequently spelled in a variety of ways on the same page, and words of the same pronunciation, but of different orthography and import, being often erroneously and sometimes absurdly interchanged; and finally, that there are most glaring mistakes and deficiencies in grammar and rhetoric. When we consider that these old manuscripts were many of them written by the prominent men of the time, it becomes quite impossible to conceive the low degree of culture exhibited by the average citizen. But we are not to suppose that our ancestors were as inferior to us in intellectual power, activity, and acumen as they were in the culture derived from schools and books. It is certain that our advancement in these respects has not kept pace with the multiplication and improvement of our facilities, and whether we have advanced at all may be a question—for power, originality, and scope of intellect do not depend so much upon artificial training as upon the primary constitution of the individual and the practical experiences of his life. But when we consider that we are now better educated, that we possess a wider range of facts and experience, that facts excite reflection and reflection reason—when we consider that the condition of society is now more favorable to intellectual growth by reason of its greater compactness and increased facilities of intercommunication—when we consider that less vitality, and strength, and time are required to meet the physical demands of our present mode of life—when we consider these circumstances, and many others which might be enumerated, we seem warranted in the conclusion that we not only possess now more extensive, more varied, and more accurate knowledge, and more thorough and more liberal education, but that we also exhibit more acute and more profound intellectual powers.

In respect to the comparative state of morals in Suffield in the present and in the past, we have very imperfect data from

which to judge. But judging from these data, the plain conclusion is that in nearly all respects we can show a commendable improvement. In the last century intoxicating liquors were openly and freely used by the leading men of the place. They were accounted as among the necessaries of life. In 1749, at a society meeting, the church voted "that the committee should provide Rhum, Cyder, and Beer for Raising the new meeting house, at their discretion." This vote indicates the state of feeling on the subject, and is a fair sample of the ancient customs in this respect. At all extra occasions where men came together for co-operative labor, and in all the severer tasks of the farmer and mechanic, spirituous liquors were a matter of course. Social gatherings, even of ministers, were not complete without their presence. The free and unrestricted use of this dangerous beverage produced its natural results. The moral vigor of the community was relaxed and the moral judgment impaired. Intemperance itself was regarded more as an innocent misfortune than as a moral degradation, for which the individual is strictly accountable. To day, not only do we witness less intemperance, but the open use of alcoholic liquors is regarded as a stigma and disgrace.

In business and the business relations of men, there is undoubtedly less of sham and imposition, less of duplicity and deception and chicanery, than in any preceding age of our history, in proportion to the number and wealth of the inhabitants. And in that higher field of morality, in that morality which is positive and aggressive, and which exhibits itself in the practice of charity and benevolence, and in the promotion of all good and noble works and enterprises, there are to-day as high an average and as bright examples as any age of the past can boast.

The vices of the present day are ever before us, impressing themselves on the thoughts and imagination, while those of the past are unknown or forgotten. Moreover, when we look back over our own lives we shall find that we are inclined to remember the good and to forget the bad, to remember the joys and to forget the sorrows. And what is true of the individual may be true of the race or of a community. As a people, we are prone both to magnify the noble and valiant deeds of our fathers, and

also to forget or palliate their faults and vices. Our *impressions*, therefore, as to morals and the course they have taken in the progress of the town, are not to be trusted. Careful investigation is necessary to a safe and correct opinion, and such investigation will confirm the view that we are progressing, and are progressing in the right direction.

Passing now to the field of music and art, and to the refinements and accomplishments of life, we find them to be almost entirely the growth of the present century. But our ancestors may be pardoned for their deficiencies in this respect. They were pioneers in a new world and a ruder age than the present. All the tendencies of their situation were towards the development of rude physical characters. Theirs was an unceasing and imperative struggle for mere subsistence, without the possibility of turning aside to cultivate the amenities of life.

Music in the early part of our history was almost totally neglected. Indeed, the Puritans regarded it with distrust and hostility, and would not for many years permit it in religious worship. Being neglected, therefore, from lack of opportunity and inclination, and distrusted out of principle, it could make but slow progress. It is mainly in the last half or quarter of a century that it has been cultivated and promoted in this town. Now almost every family has its musical instrument, and almost every child has some opportunity for musical instruction. Painting and drawing have lately begun to attract attention, and Suffield has already produced some artists, who are laboring with credit and success. The acquisition of all these accomplishments should be publicly encouraged, for they not only minister to the finer attributes of our nature, but are of both direct and indirect practical utility.

In the architecture of private and public buildings there have been great changes. The last century was the period of low houses, with large rooms, timbered ceilings, high roofs, and projecting stories. In their construction and finish the object sought was not, except in rare instances, to produce a pleasing effect upon the taste and imagination, but simply to secure protection from the inclemencies of the weather and provide accommodations for physical living.

To day we possess private residences and public buildings that are an ornament and credit to the town. Every year more and more attention is being given to the style and finish of private dwellings, and to the character of their surroundings and appointments. It should be remembered that the object of a home is not merely physical comfort, not simply to furnish a convenient and safe resort to rest and refresh the body; it should, in its architecture and surroundings, respond to the intellectual and æsthetic qualities of the mind. It should be a place where the higher and nobler attributes of man, his immortal attributes, shall find true expression, and where they shall be improved and inspired.

In this brief survey of our history, and in this imperfect comparison of the civilization of Suffield in the past with that in the present, it has been my aim to present the truth. And while I have endeavored to give full credit and prominence to the noble deeds and sacrifices of our fathers, I have not shrunk from exposing their imperfections and vices. And now I think we may safely conclude that in all the essential elements of character, in all that goes to make up true manhood and womanhood, the present age has attained a decided superiority. But in this claim there is no detraction from the merit of our fathers, and nothing inconsistent with an obligation to venerate their memory. If they could look down upon us to-day, no ascriptions of praise from our lips, and no services commemorative of their lives, would afford them so much pleasure and satisfaction as to behold us, their descendants and their children, far advanced beyond the condition in which they lived, to behold us prosperous and happy in our outward circumstances, and strong, and noble, and upright in character. These are the very results for which they labored, the objects for which they prayed, and hoped, and sacrificed. In doubt and darkness, in weariness and peril, in privation and suffering, our fathers planted the seed of our present civilization; in peace and prosperity, in the midst of all happy, and inspiring, and propitious circumstances, we are reaping the glorious results. When I

think over the first hundred years of their history, of the hard, toilsome, rugged lives they lead, hedged in on every side by vast and pathless forests, destitute of all the comforts and refinements of life, condemned to one unbroken, monotonous routine of manual labor, with no books or papers, or intellectual advantages, and when I think how freely and bountifully we enjoy the fruits of all their hardships, and struggles, and privations, their story touches my heart with an infinite pathos, these places that were once familiar with their presence are made forever sacred by the consecration of their lives, and the graves where their bones are crumbling into dust become shrines where my soul goes up to worship, and where my heart pours out its richest libations.

But it is fitting for us on this occasion to remember that there is a present and a future as well as a past. A hundred years from to-day we may fairly presume our descendants will be gathered on this spot and engaged in similar festivities. The circumstances under which they shall meet may depend very much upon us. It is possible for us to be largely instrumental in shaping the history of the town for the next century. It is possible, also, for us so to live that we shall simply bridge the space from one generation to another, exerting no perceptible influence and leaving no impress behind us. During the first forty or fifty years of the present century our people were too conservative. The public spirit of the eighteenth century seemed to have departed, leaving behind a narrow, selfish, short-sighted policy that proved fatal to the best interests of the town. For forty years the town actually declined in population, and in the ratio of the increase of wealth. When it was sought to locate the United States Armory here, our fathers, by their opposition and indifference, defeated the endeavor. When the Hartford and Springfield railroad was surveyed through the town, a storm of hostility was raised that drove it to the other side of the river. Had the armory and railroad been secured, as they might have been by proper exertion, who can tell how different

would have been our history, and how different the condition of our meeting here to-day. It is impossible, as we review the past, to suppress a feeling of pain and indignation when we observe how the town has been robbed of a magnificent history. But dismissing all vain regrets and resentments, let us turn from the past, which we are powerless to retrieve, to the present, which is always ours to improve, and to the future, which is ours to shape and control. Great and unusual opportunities are within the grasp of this generation, opportunities which if rightly improved will inaugurate a new era in our history. Let the errors and shortcomings of our fathers teach us wisdom. Let all internal dissensions and jealousies be sacrificed to one united and controlling purpose, to promote the welfare of our town. Let a generous public spirit be fostered which shall look beyond all merely private and present interests to grand results in the future, even in the future which we shall never live to see. Let us have that sublime faith and patience, and devotion, that shall enable us to plant, and labor, and sacrifice, when we know that posterity, and posterity *only*, can reap the harvest. Let us go from these memorial services and labor with such wisdom, such patience, such large-hearted and far-reaching purpose for the prosperity of this town and the welfare of its people that when all these petty jealousies and controversies that now excite us, and all these petty schemes of selfish and temporal aggrandizement shall have been buried in eternal oblivion, and when all these fortunes which we are laboring so hard to amass shall have been scattered to the winds of heaven, our works shall yet survive to benefit and to bless the town, and our names yet live in the grateful hearts of posterity, and so that when our descendants shall gather here after the lapse of another century, our generation shall be venerated as pre-eminent among the benefactors of Suffield.

NOTE.

By reference to the books of the Auditor's Office for the Post Office Department it is ascertained that the post-office at Suffield began to make quarterly returns on the 1st of October, 1796, and Hezekiah Huntington was the postmaster. It is probable, therefore, that the office was established in August or September of that year. Since that time the names of postmasters and dates of appointments are correctly ascertained, which are as follows:

SUFFIELD. Established, probably, in August, 1796.
William Gay, appointed postmaster July 31st, 1798.
Odiah L. Sheldon, appointed April 25th, 1835.
Horace Sheldon, 2d, appointed Feb. 5th, 1841.
George A. Loomis, appointed August 31st, 1842.
Samuel B. Low, appointed July 1st, 1850.
George Williston, appointed May 23d, 1853.
David Hale, appointed June 29th, 1861.
Richard Jobes, appointed July 6th, 1869, who is the present incumbent.

The following named persons, natives of Suffield, have held office as indicated in the Post Office Department of the United States:

GIDEON GRANGER, Postmaster General, appointed Nov. 28th, 1801.
FRANCIS GRANGER, Postmaster General, Appointed March 6th, 1841.
SETH PEASE, Assistant Postmaster General.
James Hitchcock, Clerk.
Harvey Bestor, Clerk.
James Pease, Clerk.
Oliver Phelps, Jr., Clerk, living in Canandaigua, N. Y.
Gamaliel Pease, Clerk.
Chauncey Bestor, Clerk, living in Washington City, D. C.

J. Dryden Phelps

POEM,

By S. D. Phelps, D. D.

Two Hundred Years! we're in the past to-day,
Where thought and memory, fondly lingering, stray.
The generations linked to us we trace;
As each appears behold them face to face;
Men of the stalwart heart and toiling hand,
Women well worthy by their side to stand,
Children the image of their noble sires,
Whose blood and will the blended virtue fires.
They wrought how well! they made the glorious past;
From them the treasure that all time shall last.

Two hundred years! ah, these are now secure,
And naught can waste a heritage so sure.
We speak of fleeting epochs, vanished days,
As airy nothings or a meteor blaze.
Not merely shadows we, nor vapors dim—
The dying echoes of a vesper hymn.
The Springtime flits, the Summer glories fade,
Autumnal tints o'er all the fields are laid;
But the rich harvest grew; in the warm sun
It ripened, and was to the garner won.

Youth's blooming years and manhood's stronger day
Go like the seasons, but their lessons stay!
No past have we, the boon is never ours,
Till pale and drop the earliest, fairest flowers.
Our minds take not life's true and deep intent,
Till from beyond we scan their history spent.
The problem's solved in sorrow, joy and toil;
In these we learn, and gather thence our spoil.
We lose the time, the bliss and pain it brings,
To get them back in deeper, nobler things.
There's our true heritage, and naught can wrest
Away the glorious past when once possessed;
Its precious lessons, its affections pure
Will, without change, for evermore endure.

Oh, mourning mother! the sweet child you gave
So soon to Heaven, so early to the grave,
Is yours, a child for ever, through all change
Of earthly scene, or vast unmeasured range!
A parting pang, a past—these were the cost
By which you keep the tender bloom you lost.

Two hundred years! how like a tale that's told
Each lengthened life on to its limit rolled.
The words are gone, the very sounds have died,
But lives the story yet—'twill e'er abide.
In what they were, in noble acts they did,
The generations past can ne'er be hid.
Our own they are, because they're here no more,
But with us leave the mantles once they wore.
The richest wealth, our best emotions felt,
Are wisdom, patience, love, that in them dwelt.
Without the hallowed past, O, what were we?
We are the fruit of the ancestral tree.

Upon life's ladder to a higher stage
Have we ascended in this later age?
Built from our manhood, with a better art,
A grander temple of the human heart?
We'll not ignore the steps, moss-grown and grey,
Nor scorn the scaffolding that falls away.
As well the lake, from its full crystal bed,
Disdain the humble streams by which 'tis fed.
The tree, to large and fine proportions grown,
Was nursed by fallen leaves and boughs its own;
From its decays a broader verdure springs,
And richer fruit on every branchlet swings.
With this great law humanity is rife—
From ashes beauty and from death comes life.
In us, through labors, sufferings, hopes and fears,
Behold the harvest of two hundred years!

The field is beautiful whereon it grew,
Erst *Southfield* called, the time its bounds were new.
But earlier still it had its Indian names,
Too rough to place in smooth, poetic frames;
Then, as its winding pathways white men took,
They named the region from its "Stony-brook."
From the "Great River," at its eastern bound,
It spreads abroad in undulating ground,
Sweeps the bold range of Talcott Mountain's crest,
And on the Manituck it finds a rest.

These wild and almost trackless solitudes
Bore on their bosom the primeval woods;
The sturdy oak, like pillars of the realm,
Vied with the grandeur of the gothic elm;
Birch, maple, chestnut, ash, and more like these
Made the vast army of majestic trees;
While here and there, along the serried lines,
Stood, like brave chieftains, tall and tufted pines.
How fierce the battle when the winter tempest loud
Swept through the ranks and the stern leaders bowed!
No wonder those who early sought a farm
Should from this mighty legion take alarm,
And say, as courage failed to enter in,
"A very woody place and difficult to winne."
Others, of braver hearts and stronger hands,
Began the conquest of these forest lands.
They felled the foe; they reared their humble homes:
They knew through patient toil the victory comes.

Was it from stock thus trained and strong, the fame
Of Suffield enterprise and people came,
Known the land over for their Yankee skill,
Shrewdness of intellect and power of will?
Or was't because we bordered on the State
Of Massachusetts, long renowned and great,
Were held by her for threescore years or more,
Until at length, all disputations o'er,
Its wish and right secured, the town was put
Within the lines of old Connecticut;
And so its people reached their virtues great,
The blended product of each noble State?

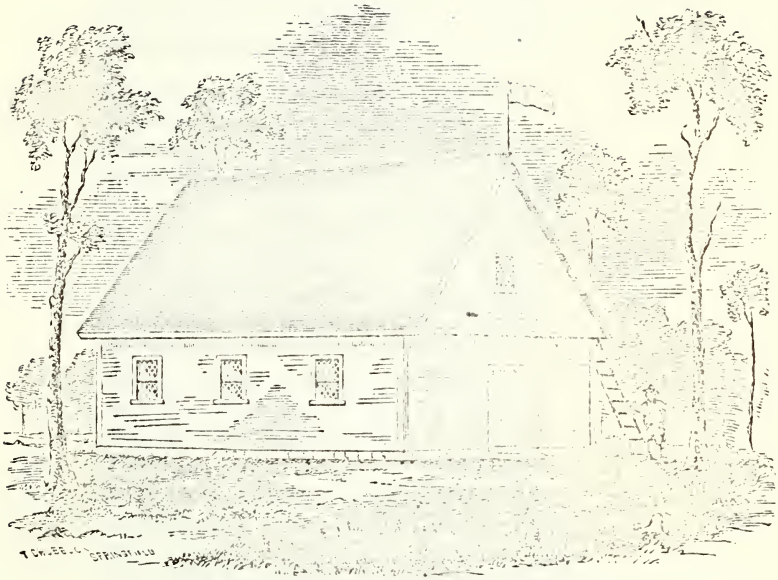
Two hundred years! and how does Beauty crown
The whole broad surface of our lovely town.
What thrifty farms, and tasteful dwellings fair;
What well-tilled fields return their harvests rare.
Look from this hill, or yonder ridge more high,
Enchanting landscapes meet the gladdened eye;
The rising ground, the intervening vales,
The fruitfulness that everywhere prevails,
The crystal streams that thread their way and sing,
The lingering trees that grateful shadows fling,
The cheerful homes that speak of wealth and art,
And richer treasures of the cultured heart;
O happy spot and dear! go where we will,
This scene of beauty lives, unrivaled still!

Scarce had the settlers here their cabins placed,
Ere the first meeting house the common graced.
Afar, along the ample street each way,
This humble building in the vision lay.
As nigh the holy hour of worship drew,
Waved from the roof a flag of crimson hue;
It bade them come, the aged and the young,
And praise their Maker with the heart and tongue;
Not with the equipage of modern days,
Not e'en the wagon rude or richer chaise,
But in pedestrian groups who near abide,
Those from a distance in their saddles ride;
Nor failed the loving spouse, with willing mind,
To take a pillion-seat her lord behind,
While boys and girls, to hardy lives inured,
With nimble feet the Sabbath walks endured.
So for a hundred years these paths they trod,
And thus together sought the House of God,
Till generations passed, and others came
To feel the warmth of the dear altar-flame,
Till sanctuaries old and strait decayed,
And others rose in ampler art arrayed.
After the first they fitly graced the hill
Crowned by the splendid church this day we fill.

Beside the third—which often met my eye—
Before 'twas finished, 'neath the open sky,
The wondrous Whitefield preached to thousands there;
First on a joiner's bench he knelt in prayer,
And such the unction and the fervor given,
He seemed, tradition says, to pierce the heaven:
And such the sermon's power that ere he'd done,
The hearts of many to the Lord were won.

As passed the years another order grew,
And to its humble home adherents drew;
Then, in an ampler temple o'er the way,
It flourished well and is a power to-day.
These honored churches, ranged each side the street,
Sing the same songs, the same good news repeat:
As richest blessings crown them from above,
Be they, though differing still, alike in love.

Two hundred years! How faithfully have wrought
God's ministers, as precious souls they sought,



FIRST CHURCH ERECTED IN SUFFIELD.
About 1680.

Extract from the Town Records, April 6, 1685:—"That the Townsmen shall upon ye townes' cost procure a ladder and alsoe a red flagg to hang out for a signe that persons may know the time for assembling together."

From Pastor Rugglles,* of the earliest fold,
To those who now the sacred office hold.
Younglove * is with us still, and no age knows;
Remains Devotion,* and the fervor glows;
In long Gay * times, with *Ebenezers* raised,
Our Hastings * have been heavenward—God be praised!
Forgive the tempted pen to pun these names,
Portraits beloved in memory's sacred frames.
How much is due to them, their toils and prayers,
The seed they sowed and watched with tears and cares:
From thence the richest fruitage of the past—
The purest blessings that shall longest last.

How, in my earliest memories linger yet
Those holy men my youthful vision met;
Dear reverend forms and voice of solemn sound;
I listened, and was filled with awe profound.
The texts of Waldo,* simple, earnest, clear;
Of Mix,* who, oft pathetic, dropped a tear;
Of Morse,* so tender and so warm in heart,
Are still in mind, nor shall they ere depart.
The last was the first pastor known to me;
Oft when a child I sat upon his knee;
See now his snowy hair and radiant face,
As in the pulpit high he took his place,
And oft with simple eloquence would thrill
The throng in the old church on Zion's Hill.
From my small prison, near the center aisle,
A deep, square pew, I watched him for awhile,
Then, standing on the seat, I twirled the slats,
Or through them peeked and pranked with neighboring brats;
And then I had a curious strong desire
To see and hear the *pitch-pipe* of the choir.
The leader, with his mystic box in hand,
Came to the front and took his proper stand.
Raised the queer instrument and blew his toot,
That each might catch the key and follow suit.
No organ, with its soft or thundering tone,
Led our high praises to the Heavenly Throne;
'Twas deemed, if not profane, quite out of place,
And sounding viols were intensely *base*.
I see them—in the gallery front they rise,
And slightly turn their faces to the skies—
Young men in Sunday best and well-kempt hair,
Maidens' bright cheeks from which the bonnets flare;

* See Notes at the close of the Poem.

With earnest heart and unartistic voice
They sang the hymns that made us all rejoice.
Those plaintive tunes, how deep the minor roll
That thrilled like harps of heaven the pensive soul!
Born on this soil, as sweet and wierd was one—
"*China*"—as music of a dying Swan.*

The mental culture of the rising youth,
Their early need of elemental truth
Impressed our thoughtful fathers, and they laid
Foundations as they could the work to aid:
Hence the free school, and Master Austin† well
Taught how to read and cypher, write and spell.
The little school-house on the common set,
The little group that first within it met,
The simple studies they pursued or knew,
The meagre text-books, unattractive, few,
The treadmill steps to reach the lower hight
Of Science' hill, so faintly then in sight—
Ah! as this olden scene to view is brought,
Think of the change the passing years have wrought!
Behold the Public School, its throngs how fair,
What means of mental wealth and culture there;
Behold the ampler range in clustered Halls
For those who list to Learning's higher calls!

Two hundred years! In our review to-day
Come the vast throngs that lived and passed away.
Not the mere outward show and form of things,
We trace life's deeper stream and hidden springs;
Its earnest thoughts and conflicts, hopes and fears,
Its holiest loves, its tenderness and tears;
The grandest attributes of human souls,
In what inspires, impels, restrains, controls;
In all that manhood seeks of wealth and fame,
High nobleness of life and stainless name,
Pursuits well worthy the immortal mind,
A glorious benediction to mankind.
Here they appeared and had their day and power,
Rose in their strength and found their waning hour.
Some mounds on yonder slope tell where they lie,
And some in places far that saw them die.

---

* Timothy Swan, of Suffield, was the composer of "China."
† Anthony Austin, first Schoolmaster of the Town.

As the broad acres of a forest deep,
Beneath the eye's quick undulating sweep,
Reveal, along the distant range of sight,
The grander trees that reach a nobler hight,
And hold awhile the lingering, gladdened gaze,
To mark their verdant crowns or flowering blaze—
So o'er this track of centuries to-day
We note the men of master minds and sway.
Here honors found them in their native town,
Or elsewhere gave them influence and renown.
In every conflict for their country's right,
Foremost they stand in the ensanguined fight;
Colonial wars, and Independence time,
The later struggle, and the last sublime;
In all they bore a true and manly part,
With patriot zeal and freedom-loving heart.
They're found in civil life, law-learned and wise,
Grasping with strength great questions as they rise,
Of clear perception and forensic power,
With forecast broad and fitness for the hour;
In the high office and the work it brings,
Called and commissioned by the King of kings;
On varied fields their faithful labors blessed,
Where many souls they led to truth and rest;
In healing arts, with ready skill and ken;
In authorship, and wielding well the pen.
Their names, as household words, would I record,
And mete them out a well-deserved reward;
But time forbids—nor is it needful now,
Your worthy orator has wreathed each brow.

Go back to the last century's closing years,
Suffield among the rising towns appears,
A central place, of wide extensive trade,
Whose enterprise its reputation made.
Of Hartford, Springfield, 'twas a rival then,
And equaled them in influential men.
It had large factories and well sustained,
And artizans in skillful labor trained.
If peddlers made their indigo of clay
They had to find their market far away.
It had a Weekly Press, of ample size,
And editorial talent—'twould surprise
You now to scan its files and columns o'er;
The names, the firms, the advertisements of yore.

O'er the wide land, for high and healthful tone,
"*The Impartial Herald*" was a paper known.

Dear native town! home of my early days,
I'm glad to find in thee so much to praise;
So grand a record in the years gone by;
So much that meets to-day the grateful eye.
Thou art not faultless—no, nor free from stain;
I would not palliate thy love of gain,
Nor spare the blind and narrow selfishness
That's been a barrier to thy best success.
A generation since you turned your back
On that great thoroughfare and iron track,
Which sought to pass convenient to your door,
And had prosperity and wealth in store.
The long repentance of these thirty years,
In the wee Branch you've waited for, appears.
How lavish Nature on this ample ground
Longs that more marks of art and taste be found;
Where wealth and culture in profession dwell
Should public spirit be a living well.
Too much of life's been given to money greed,
As have your lands to bear the "filthy weed."
But not severities my lines shall fill;
Suffield, "with all thy faults I love thee still."
Thy children love thee wheresoe'er they stray;
Come back to prove their filial hearts to-day.
God bless thee, mother dear of noble sons
And noble deeds—the present, future ones
Be yet the nobler as thy course appears
Brighter, more bright, through all the coming years!

NOTES.

Relating to the Ministers Referred to on Page 63.

Rev. Benjamin Ruggles was the first pastor in Suffield. The Church (Congregational) was organized and he ordained April 26, 1698. He was born at Roxbury, Mass., August 11, 1676. His father was John Ruggles, and his grandfather, of the same name, came from England in 1635. Benjamin graduated from Harvard College in 1693, and two years after came to Suffield. He died September 5, 1708, O. S., at the early age of thirty-two. But his brief ministry was one of great usefulness. His wife's death took place a year before his. Her maiden name was Mercy Woodbridge, daughter of Rev. John Woodbridge, of Wethersfield, and granddaughter of Gov. William Leete. They left seven children, and many of their descendants have filled honorable and useful positions both in Church and State.

Rev. John Younglove was the first minister in Suffield. He came from Massachusetts in 1679 or 1680, and remained until his death, June 3, 1690. Not much is known of his previous history, or of the character of his ministry, and it is not certain whether he was a college graduate or had ever been ordained. He left also seven children, and his widow, Mrs. Sarah Younglove, survived him nearly twenty years.

Rev. Ebenezer Devotion succeeded Mr. Ruggles in the pastoral office. He was ordained June 28, 1710, having already been with the church about a year. He was a native, it is supposed, of Dorchester, Mass., and graduated from Harvard College in 1707. He died April 11, 1741, at the age of fifty-seven, having been pastor of the church about thirty-one years. His ministry was very successful, resulting in accessions to the church of three hundred and thirty-four persons, some being received every year with one exception. Mr. Devotion was thrice married. His two sons, Ebenezer and John, became ministers of eminence.

Rev. Ebenezer Gay, D. D., was the next pastor. He was ordained January 13, 1742. He was an able divine, and sometimes in conversation showed a vein of humor. It is said when he was a candidate for the pastoral office, being very slender at that time, some of the people thought he was too spare, there was not enough of him, his legs were too small. He met the objection with a sermon from the text: "He taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man." It was a success, and he was harmoniously settled. His long ministry of over fifty-four years was closed by his death, March 7, 1796, at the age of seventy-seven. His son, Rev. Ebenezer Gay, Jr., succeeded him in the pastorate, being ordained March 6, 1793. He was a graduate and tutor of Yale College and a fine scholar, and in his early ministry a popular preacher. His active pastorate continued until December 13, 1826, and he was senior pastor until his decease, January 1, 1837, in the seventy-first year of his age and the forty-fourth of his ministry. Early in Dr. Gay's pastorate, November 10, 1743, the Second Congregational Church was organized in the West Parish. A few years later, as an incidental result of the "great awakening," others withdrew, under the lead of Joseph Hastings, and formed a Separate Church.

Rev. Joseph and John Hastings, father and son, were the first Baptist ministers in Suffield. A number of the Separates became Baptists, and the First Baptist

Hezekiah Spencer

Church was constituted in 1769, with Rev. Joseph Hastings as pastor. It was located on Hastings' or Zion's Hill. Rev. John Hastings was ordained as co-pastor with his father in 1775, and after his father's death in 1785, aged eighty-two, he continued in sole charge of the church until his own death, March 17, 1811, at the age of sixty-eight. Without a liberal education, he had great mental vigor and was an impressive and successful minister of the gospel.

Rev. Daniel Waldo, a native of Windham and graduate of Yale, was the second pastor of the Congregational Church in the West Parish, succeeding Rev. John Graham. He was ordained May 23, 1792, and resigned his charge after eighteen years of service. At later times he visited this people when I heard him preach. He died July 30, 1864, lacking but a few weeks of being one hundred and two years old. He was a chaplain in Congress at the age of ninety-five, and preached his last sermon after entering upon his one hundred and second year.

Rev. J. Mix was the successor of Mr. Waldo at West Suffield, and occasionally visited the school which I attended, and preached in the neighborhood.

Rev. Asahel Morse became pastor of the First Baptist Church as the successor of Rev. John Hastings, in 1812. He was the son of Rev. Joshua Morse, and was born at New London, (Montville,) November 11, 1771. He preached in various places, but most of his ministerial life was passed in Suffield. He took considerable interest in political movements, and in 1818 was a member of the convention that framed the present Constitution of the State, and drafted the article relating to religious liberty. When a child, I remember his frequently coming to my father's house, over the mountain, and preaching on a Sabbath or evening. He died June 10, 1836, in his sixty-sixth year.

APPENDIX.

[From the Hartford Times, Oct. 15, 1870.]

SUFFIELD'S BI-CENTENNIAL.

The Celebration Wednesday, October 12th.

PROCESSION—DECORATIONS—TOASTS—ADDRESSES—POEM—MUSIC, AND THE DISTINGUISHED GUESTS.

Suffield had on Wednesday, October 12th, a celebration of the 200th anniversary of the settlement of that township. The event had been looked forward to with pleasure by all the citizens of the town. Invitations had been issued to many distinguished persons to take part in the celebration, and the town appropriated funds for the proper observance of the day. A large tent was erected on the town green—the ladies prepared their choicest viands. A programme was arranged, comprising a procession, firing of guns, and oratorical exercises at one of the churches, and every one anticipated a fine time. The clerk of the weather was not, however, so kindly disposed, and instead of granting a fine, sunshiny, autumn day, sent a drizzling, penetrating rain that soaked through everybody, and cast a damper upon the celebration. It was decided to carry out the programme in spite of the storm, and with the exception of the rain and mud everything passed off satisfactorily.

A special train left Hartford at quarter past 7 o'clock, carrying, among others, ex-Gov. Jewell, Gen. Hawley, Dr. Collins Stone, and many other distinguished citizens. At Windsor Locks the cars were switched upon the new branch road from that point to Suffield, it being the first train over the road. Owing to the failure of the contractors to complete an iron bridge, the cars were obliged to stop about half a mile from the depot, and here carriages were provided for the guests, who were mostly cared for by private citizens of Suffield. The later trains added considerably to the number present, and among them came Gov. English and part of his staff.

THE PROCESSION

was formed at 9 1-2 o'clock. A special police force led the way, followed by the committee of arrangements, trustees and teachers of the Connecticut Literary Institute, the teachers of the public schools, Colt's Band of Hartford, the president and vice-presidents of the day, the

clergy, the orator and the poet of the day, ex-Governors Jewell and Hawley, and citizens in general. The procession proceeded directly to the new Congregational church, which was already well filled, and was crowded before the exercises began.

THE DECORATIONS.

The church, which is a very beautiful edifice, was recently dedicated. It was built at a cost of $72,000, and is very elegantly finished outside and in. A fine-toned organ occupied one end of the sanctuary, the pulpit being in a recess at the opposite end. The wood work is entirely oil finished, and the building tastefully frescoed. On this occasion the church was made even more beautiful by the profuse display of flowers and evergreens, which were tastefully arranged. In the recess of the pulpit was the inscription in large letters:

WELCOME,
1670. 1870.
SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF SUFFIELD.

In front of the pulpit was an arch inscribed "WELCOME," worked in vari-colored flowers, and large bouquets and baskets were placed at every available point. On each side of the pulpit were hung portraits of the Revs. Ebenezer Gay, father and son, former pastors of the church. These were twined with wreaths of laurel, mingled with ripe grains, and in front of each stood large vases filled with autumn leaves, sheaves of wheat and corn and other grain. Long ivy vines were twined around the altar lamps. On the communion table stood a small bronze model of the forefathers' monument now being erected on Plymouth Rock. It stood upon a base of flowers, and on each side were large baskets of fragrant blossoms.

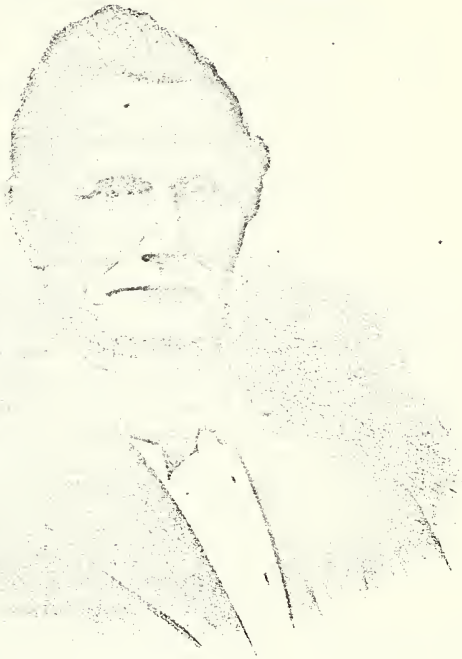
On the table lay a cane, sent from Minnesota for this occasion. It was formerly owned and carried by the Rev. Mr. Youngloye, one of the early pastors of the church, and is said to have been brought over from England in the Mayflower.

DISTINGUISHED PERSONS.

Among those present we noticed, besides Gov. English, ex-Govs. Hawley and Jewell; Gen. C. M. Ingersoll; Rev. Dr. D. Ives, of Suffield; Rev. Dr. Joel Mann, of New Haven, pastor of this church forty years ago; Rev. Dr. S. D. Phelps, of New Haven; Rev. Walter Barton, pastor of the church; Judge S. A. Lane, of Akron, O.; Rev. Dr. Collins Stone, of Hartford; Rev. J. L. Hodge, D. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Hon. John Cotton Smith, of Sharon; Samuel C. Huntington, Esq., of Hartford; Mayor W. L. Smith, of Springfield. There were also representatives of the Hartford *Times* and *Courant*, Springfield *Republican*, and Providence *Journal*.

THE EXERCISES IN THE CHURCH.

At 10 o'clock, D. W. Norton, Esq., president of the day, announced the commencement of the exercises, which were conducted according to the following



Samuel Austin

PROGRAMME.

Voluntary on the Organ.
Singing by the Choir.
Statement by the President, D. W. Norton, Esq.
Invocation, by Rev. Joel Mann.
Reading the Holy Scriptures and Prayer, by Rev. D. Ives, D. D.
Original Hymn, by the Choir.
Address of Welcome, by Rev. Walter Barton.
Response, by S. A. Lane, Esq., of Akron, O.
Ode, by the Choir.
Address, by Rev. J. L. Hodge, D. D.
Singing, by the Choir.
Historical Address, by John Lewis, Esq.
Music, by the Band.
Poem, by Rev. S. D. Phelps, D. D.
Anthem, by the Choir.
Benediction, by Rev. Stephen Harris.

Mr. NORTON said: We meet to celebrate the bi-centennial anniversary of the establishment of this town. He referred to the departure from England of our forefathers; their stormy passage across the ocean; their arrival and landing; this was two hundred and fifty years ago; fifty years later some of the settlers traveled across the country and settled in the Valley of the Connecticut; the location of Suffield was purchased by Major John Pynchon, for thirty pounds; in April, 1670, Springfield petitioned for a grant for a township of Stony Brook, as Suffield used to be called, and on the 12th of October in that year this grant was passed, and the settlement begun, Joseph Harmon and brother being the first settlers; God was with the earlier settlers; He has been with us since, and we trust His blessing will rest on the exercises of the day.

The address of welcome by the Rev. Walter Barton was exceedingly well adapted to the occasion. After referring to the appropriateness of commemorating the day, in touching language and eloquent terms he requested all residents of Suffield to rise and extend their hands in welcome of their guests; then as he said he gathered them all into one great hand which he extended to Judge Lane of Ohio, on the part of the guests present, saying, "Welcome each, welcome all."

Judge Lane made a short but happy reply. It was forty years ago when, he said, if tradition was true, he left the place, a rosy-cheeked, black-haired boy of 15; he now returned a sallow, gaunt man, gray-haired and dim-sighted, 55 years of age; he then referred to the wonderful changes that had taken place during that time, and of the march of improvement, and concluded by returning thanks on behalf of the guests for the cordial greeting that was being extended to them.

The Rev. Dr. Hodge spoke at length upon the religious sentiment of Suffield. His address was in plain words, eloquently and forcibly deliv-

ered, and created a marked impression; he thought that God had eminently privileged Suffield; the community has come gradually to the aid of the churches, and the town had been always on the side of God, of Christ, and of salvation.

THE ORATION.

The oration of John Lewis, Esq., was a very comprehensive and exhaustive one. Its delivery was necessarily curtailed on account of its length, but it will be published in full in a pamphlet which is to be issued in commemoration of the occasion. We give the following brief abstract:

Samuel and Joseph Harmon were the first settlers of Suffield, or Stony Brook, as it was then called, and built their cabin in the summer of 1670. Their descendants are there to this day. Major General Phineas Lyman, of Suffield, distinguished himself in the old French war. Singularly enough, it was on the *Fourth of July*, 1774, that the people of Suffield denounced the policy of England, expressed sympathy with Boston, and started a subscription for the suffering poor. The old pay-roll in the State House shows that there "marched from Suffield for the relief of Boston, in the Lexington Alarm, April, 1775, Captain Elihu Kent and one hundred and fourteen men." More than one hundred and fifty men entered the service within a month from the alarm. In September, 1775, Captain Hanchett's company formed part of the expedition against Quebec. He and most of the company were captured, he was put in irons, and they were kept prisoners till October, 1776. The captain advanced a thousand dollars to his men, which the General Assembly repaid. The whole revolutionary record is exceedingly honorable. Thirty-two Suffield men certainly, and probably many more, lost their lives in the service. Mr. Lewis eloquently advocated the erection of a monument, on which should be inscribed the names of these thirty-two, and also of those who were sacrificed in the war of the rebellion. The changes in industrial pursuits from generation to generation are curious. Ship-building was once carried on there. Many vessels are known to have been launched, but there is no record of them. Turpentine was for a time gathered as an article of commerce. When Suffield was a place of much trade, there were at one time twelve taverns in the town. Now there is not one.

The educational and ecclesiastical history of the town is interesting, but we are compelled to omit the extracts we had intended to make. The pamphlet record of the day's addresses will make a valuable addition to our libraries of local history.

THE POEM.

Dr. Phelps was extremely happy in his poem. It abounded in telling hits, witticisms, and bits of choice sarcasm. The topics were those naturally suggested by the day and the writer's reminiscences of his boyhood in the town. There were many neat and pleasant couplets which provoked laughter and applause.

Arodas Rising MD

Gad Sheldon

The exercises were concluded by an anthem:

"Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion city of our God,"

and the benediction.

IN THE TENT.

The procession was formed at the end of the exercises in the same order as in the morning, and marched to a tent erected on the green. Here were spread innumerable tables, loaded to bending with the profusion of edibles furnished by the liberality of the ladies of Suffield. After all the large crowd had partaken, there were more than twelve baskets full, aye, wagons full, left. We have never seen a more liberal collation or one better served than this. The ladies themselves honored their guests by waiting on them, and lent on additional charm to the occasion. Colt's Band performed a number of choice selections during the repast.

THE TOASTS.

Then came the after dinner speeches in response to sentiments read by the marshal, in the following order:

1. The President of the United States. By Gen. J. R. Hawley.

2. The State of Connecticut. By ex-Governor Jewell.

It had been expected that Governor English would respond to this. He arrived at about 11 o'clock, accompanied by Adjutant General Ingersoll, and heard a portion of the exercises in the church and dined hastily in the tent, but he was compelled to leave early in order to take the afternoon accommodation train and keep an appointment in New Haven.

3. The first settlers, Samuel and Joseph Harmon. One of their descendants was called, but he was not present to respond.

4. The descendants of the settlers. John Cotton Smith, of Sharon, spoke in response. He is a great grandson of the Rev. Cotton Mather Smith, who went from Suffield to Sharon in 1755, and there preached over fifty years, and whose son was Gov. John Cotton Smith.

5. The citizens of Suffield to-day. By the Rev. Dr. Phelps, some well-improvised verses.

6. The sons and daughters of Suffield. By Francis Rising, Esq., of Troy, N. Y.

7. The church and the school. By the Rev. Dr. Ives.

8. The absent sons and daughters. By the Rev. Dr. Hodge.

9. Springfield, Mass., the mother town. By Mayor Smith, of Springfield.

10. The oldest man in Suffield. By Mr. Apollos Phelps, eighty-five years old, a native and life-long resident of the town, in vigorous health, who related some interesting traditions, though the noise prevented him being generally heard.

11. The old "porch house" and the "sentinel elms." By the Hon. Samuel H. Huntington, of Hartford, who was born in that once well-

known residence. It was occupied by Gen. Washington, on his visit to Suffield, but it has disappeared, and with it one of the noble pair of elms that stood before it.

12. Suffield men in business in other States. By Mr. Willis King, a prominent and successful merchant of St. Louis.

At 5 1-2 o'clock the special train brought the Hartford and New Haven guests home, but a number remained to participate in the reunion which was held in the Second Baptist Church. At this a number of letters from old residents unable to be present was read, and there was a general mingling of congratulations by all present. There was also some fine music, vocal and instrumental.

The young folks enjoyed the late hours of the evening and night, and further celebrated the day by dancing at the Town Hall, but at this our reporter was unable to be present.

THE OFFICERS OF THE DAY.

The following were the officers of the day:

President—D. W. Norton.

Vice-Presidents—George Fuller, Gad Sheldon, Warren Lewis, Milton Hathaway, L. U. S. Taylor, Albert Austin.

Chief Marshal—Col. S. B. Kendall. *Aids*—F. P. Loomis, R. A. Loomis, John Nooney, B. F. Territt.

They performed their arduous duties in a very praiseworthy manner.

THE MUSIC.

The music in the church was under the direction of Mr. Henry Foster, of New Britain, a former resident of Suffield, who presided at the fine organ. The Voluntary was well performed, closing with "Home, Sweet Home." The opening anthem was sung by a choir of fifteen young ladies, in a very pleasing manner. The original hymn we publish entire. It was sung to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne." At the close of Dr. Hodge's address an operatic selection, "Night shades no longer," was sung by the full choir, in a faultless style. The closing anthem, "Glorious things of Thee," etc., was also sung with good effect.

We should not forget to say a word of praise for Colt's Band, whose playing was much admired and heartily applauded.

To conclude, the entire celebration was an exceedingly pleasant one, notwithstanding the unpleasant weather, and all who took part in the exercises will long remember the 200th anniversary of Suffield.

Dea. George Fuller

Athemas King.

[From the Hartford Evening Post, Oct. 13, 1870.]

SUFFIELD BI-CENTENNIAL.

SUFFIELD, Wednesday, October 12, 1870.

For two hundred years, as the saying goes, Suffield has waited for this day, and now it comes with rain and storm, the first of any account in many weeks, and seemingly, at least to Suffield folks, it comes to spoil the enjoyment of this anniversary. The early train from Hartford, a special to Suffield, and the first whose whistle ever sounded over her broad fields and through her pleasant homes, arrived with quite a delegation about 8 a. m., finding accommodations in numerous carriages and stages from the stopping place to the centre.

The order of the day was to form a procession at 9 o'clock, with Colt's Band, the Governor and staff, and ex-Governors, together with citizens and strangers from abroad, and so proceed to the church, where the exercises of the day were to be held; but the rain hindered, although it did not entirely prevent the procession, which was formed about half past nine, and with music marched to and entered the church—and a beautiful church it is, of which few have a correct knowledge, for there is a prevalent idea that being a country place Suffield has no fine churches, but a sight of this will disprove all such fancies. Over the altar was this beautiful motto of cheer to those who had come from afar to this bi-centennial:

Welcome.
1670.
Sons and Daughters of Suffield.
1870.

In front of and beside the altar flowers of every hue and shape, together with immense baskets of autumn flowers, bright and beautiful, gave token of the ladies' ever present hand.

After the immense congregation had ceased to buzz, Mr. H. A. Foster, of New Britain, formerly of the Connecticut Literary Institute, opened the day by a voluntary of the Offertoire in F by Wely, beautiful always, but never more so than under the touch of a master. Then followed a song, "We Hail Thee," by a chorus composed of thirty voices. Afterward Daniel W. Norton, Esq., president of the day, made a short address, principally historical, telling of the trials our fathers endured, of their settlement in Suffield under the name of Stony Brook plantation, purchased by Major John Pynchon, of Springfield, for £30, of the grant of Joseph Harmon, October 12, 1670, and the continued growth and pros-

perity of the town. Following this, an invocation by the Rev. Joel Mann, and reading of the Scriptures by the Rev. Dr. Ives, selections from the first chapter of John and the eleventh of Hebrews, followed by prayer by the same gentleman.

Then an original hymn was sung by the choir, entitled "Two Hundred Years Ago." This song was composed by the poet of the occasion, the Rev. S. D. Phelps, D. D., of which we give a verse:

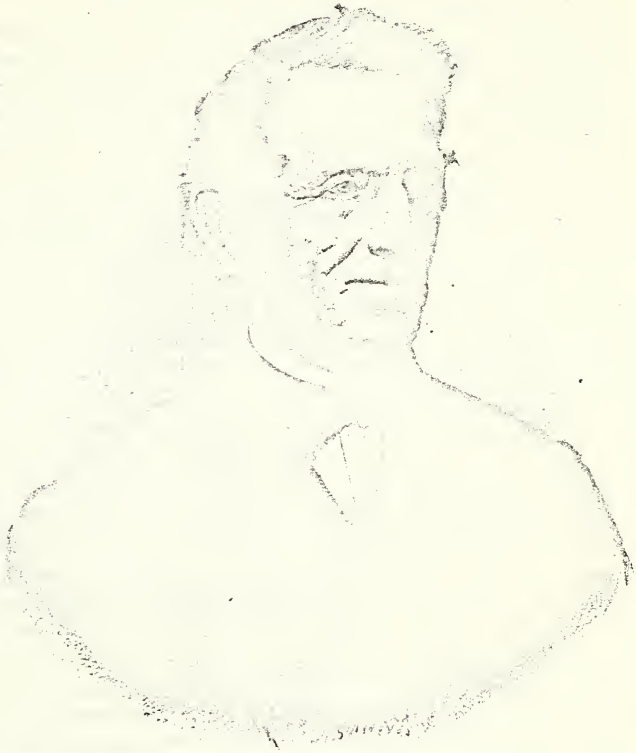
"Where now a joyous throng we stand,
And beauties round us glow,
Stood a dense forest, wild and grand,
Two hundred years ago.
How vast the change from old to new,
'Twould strike the fathers dumb.
But what shall fill the children's view
Two hundred years to come."

The Rev. Walter Barton, in behalf of the town, now welcomed the visitors to Suffield, saying that although he was not a native of the town, yet he claimed relationship by land, as Suffield was formerly a part of Hampden county, in which he was born, and he requested all the residents of the town to rise, and by their rising he claimed the right and rejoiced in the opportunity of clasping hands for them with Mr. S. A. Lane, of Akron, Ohio, editor of the Akron *Beacon*, formerly an old resident, bidding him welcome, and through him all the old time citizens who had come back to celebrate their birthday as a town.

Mr. Lane replied very happily, dwelling upon his having left the village forty years ago, a bright-faced, ruddy, clear-eyed lad, and if report were true, rather good looking withal, [laughter] going forth to seek his fortune in the far west in those forenoon years of the century.

Now he came back, lean and lank, gray, and, as they well could see, not remarkably handsome, having learned that the old town was truly pleasant and dear to him, spite of his long wanderings and heart exile.

More singing, and then Rev. J. L. Hodge, D. D., of Brooklyn, spoke, telling of the loving kindness of God in permitting him to come back to his old home once again. "I came to town forty years ago, lank and lean as you please, and as lank in pocket as in body, seeking an education for the Christian ministry, and entered a class of which the president of the day was an honorable member, subsequently was pastor in the village, and now, he said, I am put here to relate interesting matters concerning the religious history of the town; was well acquainted with Parson Gay the younger, and knew him always as a devout and Christianlike man. I have also known nearly every pastor since my first advent here;" and then the Rev. gentleman told the audience that though not born here, he would have been had they consulted him—he claimed relationship by water and spirit, as he was a Baptist. [Laughter.] He was born in Aberdeen, Scotland, a land full of grand revivals and true gospel influence.



Yours Truly Henry Sutter

When he died he had ordered the next best thing to being born here to be done, and that was that he should be buried here, and have a tombstone of Aberdeen granite to mark his resting place. After a further discussion of other topics connected with his subject, the Rev. Dr. sat down amid much applause. Then the chorus rendered in splendid style, "Night Shades no Longer," from the oratorio of "Moses in Egypt."

The orator of the day, Mr. John Lewis, a graduate of the Connecticut Literary Institute in 1864, of Yale in 1868, and now a practising member of the Hartford bar, was introduced, and for more than an hour held the vast audience by thoughts of his finely wrought and highly polished discourse. Relating various historical facts about the town—many new and pleasing ones, too—he said: "The history of our town is not without its practical bearing—we have met to study the lives and characters of those who have lived here the past two hundred years; and surely there must be a practical benefit to each one of us arising from such an insight; and yet," he said, "it is necessary to realize that Suffield is only a town and not a great nation, while we pursue the search into her past life," a fact which some of the speakers seemed to lose sight of. The history of the town from its first charter in 1670 to the present day was given even in the most minute particular. He related the indignities and wrongs which she suffered in being annexed at one time to Massachusetts, and also told of her valiant part in the great wars of the Revolution, when she furnished four hundred men, of whom thirty-two were killed, and how the first school house was built in 1703, and of the first master thereof, Pedagogue Austin. It is also wonderful to remark the changes in the business habits of the town, as portrayed by the orator from a thriving manufacturing town in 1770, to a quiet farming village in 1870. Then she had lawyers, a newspaper, two law schools, a dozen hotels, and everything was full of life; to-day how dead! The first town meeting was held in 1683, at which selectmen were elected. Suffield has given birth to two Postmaster Generals, four members of Congress, one Major General, one Governor of Connecticut, one of Vermont, two of Pennsylvania, one of Ohio, and various men who fill our judges' benches well and acceptably. The speaker was frequently applauded, especially when advocating the erection of a soldiers' monument.

At the conclusion of the address the band played the piece called the "Hermit's Bell," in which a cornet solo was finely given.

Dr. S. D. Phelps, of New Haven, the poet, for a brief space gave the audience the outflow of his ever ready poetic talent. Touching with loving hand the days dead and past, calling up by his word-painting sweet memories of scenes and seasons in our youth.

His idea of what a newspaper might be, or should be, if you please, was given in the following lines, describing Suffield's weekly paper:

> "Go back to the last century's closing years,
> Suffield among the rising towns appears,
> A central place of wide, extensive trade,

Whose enterprise its reputation made;
Of Hartford, Springfield, 'twas a rival then,
And equaled them in influential men.
It had a weekly press of ample size
And editorial talent; 'twould surprise
You now to scan its files and columns o'er;
The names, the firms, the advertisements of yore,
O'er the wide land, for high and healthful tone,
The 'Impartial Herald' was a paper known."

Then there was a scene in the old church—one of Suffield a hundred years ago, and of their prevailing vice as a people—too much tobacco raising, he gently warned them. Their long delay in building a railroad he joked them about in this wise:

"The long repentance of these thirty years,
In the wee branch you've waited for appears."

After the Gloria from Mozart's 12th Mass, by the chorus, the exercises in the church ended with the benediction by the Rev. S. Harris.

"FALL IN FOR RATIONS."

From the church to the great tent on the Park was an easy change, and very agreeable to many of the visitors, especially your correspondent, who from personal experience can testify to the abundance of everything in the line of eatables, furnished by the ladies of this grand old town. "Suffield ladies never do things by halves."

After dinner the vast audience of 2,500 having been somewhat quieted, Col. S. B. Kendall, marshal of the day, proposed the following toasts and called the respondents.

1. The President.

Responded to by Gen. J. R. Hawley.

2. The State of Connecticut.

By Ex-Gov. Jewell, as Gov. English had left town for the purpose of keeping an engagement in New Haven. Gov. Jewell in his remarks said, "that as 'twas the fashion to claim relationship to Suffield, one having done so by land and another by water, he could claim it by *fire*—as he had suffered all the tortures of the lost, trying to smoke their "particular" seed-leaf (laughter) and he thought himself entitled to his claim."

3. The First Settlers, Samuel and Joseph Harmon.

4. The Descendants of the Settlers.

By John Cotton Smith, of Sharon, a great-grandson of Cotton Mather Smith.

5. The Citizens of Suffield to-day.

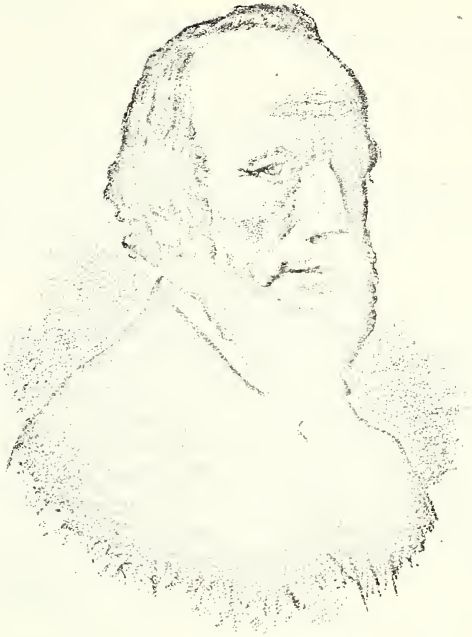
By Dr. Phelps, in some very appropriate and well-timed verses.

6. The Sons and Daughters of Suffield.

By Francis Rising, of Troy, N. Y.

7. The Church and the School.

By the Rev. Dr. Ives.



Yours Respectfully
Albert Austin

8. The absent Sons and Daughters.

By the Rev. Dr. Hodge, who, as usual, brought the audience into the best of humor before he had spoken a dozen words.

9. Springfield, the Mother Town.

By Mayor Smith, who claimed to be the grandfather of their town, because he was the father of Springfield, and she was the mother of Suffield. (Cheers and laughter.)

10. The Oldest Man in Suffield.

By Apollos Phelps, a native of the place, now eighty-five years old. Too indistinct to be heard.

11. The old "Porch House" and the "Sentinel Elms."

By the Hon. Samuel Huntington, of Hartford.

12. Suffield Men in business in other States.

By the Hon. Willis King, who left town for Missouri forty years ago.

The Star Spangled Banner was played by the band, and then the multitude dispersed to their homes.

REUNION IN THE EVENING.

In the evening the same large and enthusiastic audience convened in the 2d Baptist Church, and for two hours listened to toasts and speeches —all appropriate, and some witty. The toast to the Connecticut Literary Institute was responded to by Rev. Mr. Andrews, principal of the school. A very clear, forcible speaker, but space and time forbid our making any detailed report. There was a sentiment which included the "Lawton" blackberry, but your correspondent was unable to hear it all. Mr. Barton proposed an impromptu toast as follows: "Our Suffield railroad and the arrival of the first train—two hundred years in coming, but better late than never."

A verse of "Home, Sweet Home" was sung by the chorus, and with a few more remarks from strangers, and any one who wished to speak, the meeting adjourned after singing the Doxology, "Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow."

Thus ended the great anniversary of Suffield's birth. With her new highway to the outer world opened she has a grand future before her, and if the spirit which turned the railroad from her and prevented the arsenal from being located within her borders thirty years ago be dead, there is no hindrance to her advancement.

The cost of the bi-centennial was $3,000. Through the efforts of Simon B, Kendall, who was a member of the last legislature, an enabling act was passed, allowing the town to lay a tax sufficient to raise $1,500 for this celebration, and the balance necessary was collected by subscription. To Colonel Kendall too much praise cannot be given for his valuable and untiring labors before and throughout all the exercises. Honor to whom honor is due.

[From the Summit County (Ohio) Beacon, Oct. 26, 1870.]

A VISIT TO THE OLD NATIVE TOWN BI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

INTERESTING EXERCISES.

DEAR OLD SANCTUM: A visit to one's native town, after long years of absence, is always interesting, and doubly so on a special invitation to participate in the celebration of an important anniversary connected with its origin and early history.

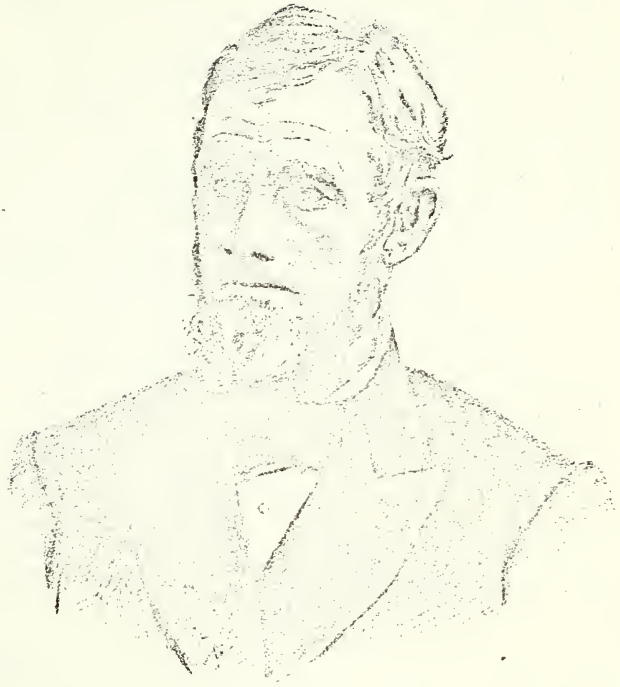
The occasion of my present visit to New England was the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of the township of Suffield, in the county of Hartford and State of Connecticut, which occurred on Wednesday, October 12th.

The town is situated upon the west bank of the Connecticut river, eighteen miles north of the city of Hartford, and adjoining the Massachusetts line. It is one of the very loveliest of the many beautiful towns in the splendid valley in which it is situated. Its fertile and carefully cultivated farms, its broad and neatly kept streets, its fine roads, its magnificent residences, its superb churches, its commodious educational structures, all evince a high degree of culture and prosperity.

On the twelfth day of October, 1670, the General Court of Massachusetts, at Boston, authorized the settlement of the "plantation"—a tract of land six miles square—which was afterwards organized as the township of "South Fields," and subsequently changed to the more compact and euphonious name of Suffield. And it was to aid in properly observing its bi-centennial that the absent sons and daughters of the old town were invited to revisit their ancient home. By a vote of the town the sum of $1,500 was appropriated to defray the expenses of the celebration. In addition to this the good ladies of the entire town vied with each other in providing edibles for the public feast that was to be given to the returning wanderers, and in extending their hospitality to all visitors, whether native born or not.

Besides two large church edifices—Congregational and Baptist—in which to conduct the exercises, a large tent capable of covering four or five thousand persons had been procured from Boston and erected upon the beautiful Central Park of the village. Unfortunately for the complete success and joyousness of the occasion, a drenching rain set in on the evening of the 11th and continued until afternoon on the day of the celebration. This undoubtedly kept many hundreds of people from neighboring towns from attending. But yet, as stormy as it was, there

Elihu S. Taylor



Henry P. Kent

were probably 4,000 people present, among whom were many distinguished men, natives or descendants of former residents of Suffield from distant States, as well as a large number of the dignitaries of Connecticut and Massachusetts. Among the latter were Gov. English and members of his staff, and ex-Governors Hawley and Jewell, of Hartford, and Mayor Smith, of Springfield.

The day was ushered in by a salute of forty guns and the ringing of the church bells of the town. For the first time, to bring in its illustrious guests, the cars ran into the township over its new railroad, a branch of the Hartford, New Haven and Springfield railway, on the auspicious, or rather inauspicious morning. The intended grand cavalcade, procession, and march, owing to the rain, was but a partial success, though the invited guests, officers of the day, speakers, &c., were escorted by Colt's Armory Band, of Hartford, from the rendezvous opposite to the Congregational church upon the west side of the Park. Every portion of the large house, including the capacious gallery, was densely packed with an intensely interesting and expectant audience. The church was finely decorated with flowers and evergreens and appropriate mottoes.

The exercises consisted of, first, a voluntary upon the magnificent organ of the church; second, singing by the choir; third, a statement in regard to settlement of the town and the object of the celebration, by Hon. Daniel W. Norton, of Suffield, president of the day; fourth, Invocation by Rev. Joel Mann, of New Haven, pastor of the Congregational church of Suffield nearly fifty years ago; fifth, reading of the Scriptures and prayer, by Rev. Dr. D. Ives, pastor of the Baptist church of Suffield; sixth, original hymn by the choir; seventh, Address of Welcome by Rev. Walter Barton, pastor of the Congregational church of Suffield; eighth, response to address of welcome, by S. A. Lane, editor of the Akron Daily *Beacon*, Akron, Ohio; ninth, ode by choir; tenth, address—church history of the town of Suffield—by Rev. J. S. Hodge, D. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y.; eleventh, singing by the choir; twelfth, historical address of the town of Suffield, by John Lewis, Esq., of Hartford; thirteenth, music by Colt's Armory Band; fourteenth, original poem, by Rev. S. D. Phelps, D. D., of New Haven; fifteenth, anthem by the choir; sixteenth, benediction, by Rev. Stephen Harris, of West Suffield.

These exercises occupied nearly four hours, eliciting the undivided attention of the large audience, and very frequent and very enthusiastic applause. At their close, at 2 o'clock p. m., the audience repaired to the big tent, under which was served one of the finest collations that I have ever seen. At the close of the gustatory exercises, in response to appropriate sentiments, speeches were made by ex-Gov. Hawley and ex-Gov. Jewell, of Hartford; Hon. John Cotton Smith, of Sharon, Conn., a great-grandson of Rev. Cotton Mather Smith, a resident of Suffield up to 1755; Rev. Dr. S. D. Phelps, of New Haven; Francis Rising, Esq., of Troy, N. Y.; Rev. Dr. Ives, of Suffield; Rev. Dr. Hodge, of New Haven; Mayor Smith, of

Springfield; Mr. Apollos Phelps, 85 years of age, the oldest native born, life-long resident in Suffield; Hon. Samuel Huntington, of Hartford, and Hon. Willis King, a prominent merchant of St. Louis.

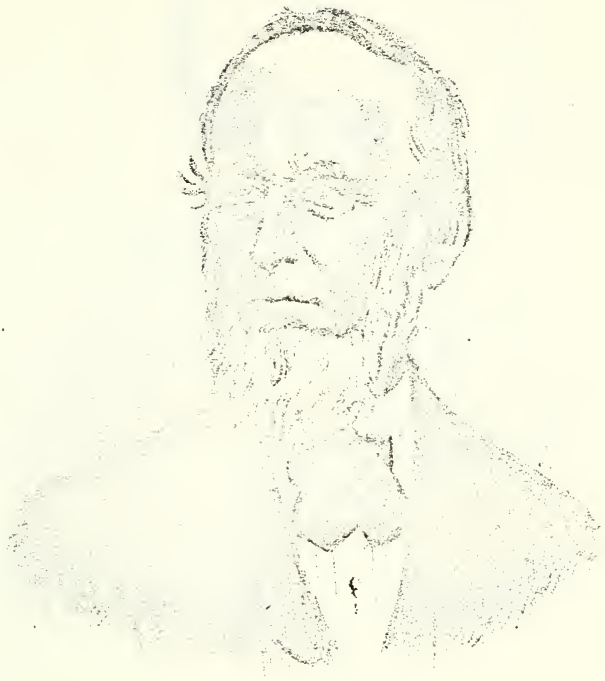
During the after-dinner exercises, the weather came off bright and beautiful, and the large throng separated in the best of spirits, each and all feeling that notwithstanding the storm the Suffield bi-centennial had been a magnificent success.

In the evening a large audience assembled at the Baptist church, where the remainder of the sentiments which had been prepared were read and appropriately responded to, and many interesting reminiscences related by visitors, both native and otherwise, the writer of this getting in a few words upon the railroad question, exhorting the people of old Suffield to extend their new branch road through the town, so that visitors can get out of the town upon the north as well as the south.

In the evening, also, the young people of the town had a social dance at the town hall, which is represented as being altogether a lively and pleasant affair, and thus ended one of the most important celebrations and reunions that it has ever been my good fortune to attend.

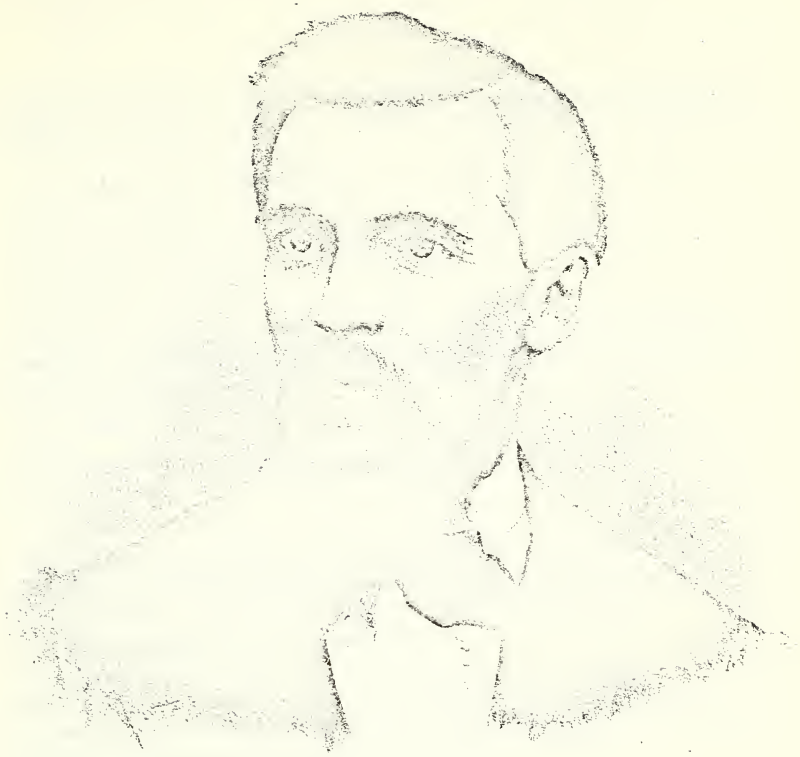
S. A. L.

Suffield, Conn., Oct. 14, 1870.



Yours Resp.ly

H. K. Granger.



Yours Respectfully

Israel Harmon

SENTIMENTS AND RESPONSES.

The President of the United States.

By J. R. Hawley.

The Governor of the State of Connecticut.

By ex-Gov. Jewell.

The State of Connecticut—the "nutmeg" State—the spice of New England—noted for her industrial, agricultural, and manufacturing interests, its prosperity in banks and insurance companies.

By ex-Gov. Jewell.

The ex Governors of the State of Connecticut. No State can show brighter JEWELS than ours.

By ex-Gov. Jewell.

The first Settlers of Suffield, Samuel and Joseph Harmon, and their Associates. They came here through the wilderness in faith, they labored here with patience, they rested in hope. What we are to-day is the *result* of their labors.

By Israel Harmon, Esq., a descendant.

MR. PRESIDENT: Americans are a proud people, and justly so. To be able to say *our* in connection with the world's only republic that has realized the hopes of the oppressed and the theories of philanthropists, is a source of pride higher than Roman orator or Athenian philosopher could ever glory in.

Natives of Suffield are a proud people, and to-day as they view its religious and educational institutions, its thrift and prosperity, its patriotic record, who shall say their pride is not justifiable?

The Harmons are this day proud—proud of this town, planted by *their* ancestors through toil, suffering, and peril, and which to-day is without a superior in this our favored land. They are proud of their descendants, who have never furnished law-breakers for jails or prisons, but have well filled all positions in the gift of their townsmen, in religious, educational, masonic, and political organizations, and furnished judges and other officers for Ohio and other States.

I, one of the youngest of the Harmons, in the light of legend, tradition, history, look back through centuries to the time when SAMUEL and JOSEPH HARMON, about one mile west from where we now stand, first formed their rude habitations, laid tribute on the virgin soil, and made a nucleus around which, and from which, originated SUFFIELD, Connecticut's brightest jewel. Fellow-citizens, look at your . tile fields, your

beneficent institutions and happy homes, and be convinced that those first settlers did more for the good of the human race than did the first great Napoleon.

Have we of to-day no duties to perform? Do not the prayers, toils, perils of our forefathers, the prosperity of the past, the result of their labors, call upon us, with earnest voice, never to prove recreant to our great privileges and responsibilities? Do they not more thrillingly than bugle notes urge us to high resolve and endeavor that Suffield's future history may never put to shame its past, but grow brighter as centuries roll? May pure religion be the sure foundation of our future greatness; may our fair women be educated, industrious, pure mothers of noble patriots; may our brave men be refined, enterprising, guided, and guided only, by the great principles of eternal truth, and may the Harmons, wherever on earth's broad surface they may be, do credit to their brave forefathers, and ever turn with fond recollections to the glorious old town of Suffield which their ancestors planted.

The sacred and blessed memory of the first settlers of Suffield.

(This to be received standing, with a dirge from the band.)

The former ministers of Suffield. They were men who gave themselves wholly to their work. Though many of them rest from their labors, their works do follow them.

By Rev. Joel Mann—by letter.

New Haven, Oct. 17, 1870.

Rev. and Dear Sir: I am unwilling to have the toast respecting the ministers of Suffield to be a blank or remain entirely unnoticed. I send, therefore, what follows as my response, which you may give to the committee, if you think best, that it may go into the record that may be made of the proceedings of your interesting celebration.

The toast is in these words: "The former ministers of Suffield. They were men who gave themselves wholly to their work. Though many of them rest from their labors, their works do follow them."

The sentiment to which I am requested to respond is somewhat delicate and embarrassing, as I have the honor of being one of those who are embraced in it. Leaving out myself, therefore, I would say a few words respecting those whom I have known. It was my privilege to be associated in the pastorate with the second Mr. Gay. Though he did not then preach, he prayed; and it is an important matter to have the prayers of a man of God, and to have the counsels of one who has had a long experience of the duties, labors, and difficulties of a pastor. He had a kind heart, and with his family practiced true Christian hospitality. Faithful in the service of the master, he sustained a long ministry, and has gone to participate in the blessedness of the just made perfect.

Rev. Mr. Philleo was the pastor of the Baptist church while I was here. He was an earnest, working man, somewhat eccentric and outspoken. Once he met me in the street, and speaking of the religious

state of the people, he said: "I wish that we might preach and labor in such a manner as would make them think we were half crazy." His labors were abundant and not without success.

Rev. Daniel Waldo was another of the pastors in this town—a man of genial spirit, a cheerful worker in the Lord's vineyard, a sound theologian, and a faithful preacher. He had a soul for music, an acute and discriminating ear, and sensitive nerves. Once at my house he told me how his usual equanimity was disturbed by unharmonious singing in a church. The tune was one he greatly disliked, and the performers of the three parts, treble, tenor, and bass, he said, "took the pitch at right angles, and on they went in that style through the hymn." He added that the effect on his nerves was such that he did not feel that he could preach after such torturing sounds in the name of sacred music. He has passed to the bright world where the redeemed unite in harmonious strains of praise, in the 102d year of his age.

We would gratefully record their virtues, and be thankful for the grace that made them devoted and faithful in the ministry of the Gospel.

May these churches ever be favored with pastors strong in faith, sound in doctrine, earnest and successful in their holy calling.

With truly fraternal regard, I am yours, J. Mann.

The citizens of Suffield to-day. God grant that the virtues and deeds of our ancestry may forever hallow our abodes—that every earthly blessing may distill like the dews of heaven upon them, till Time's last echo shall have ceased to sound, and the governments of the world shall have given place to that of the King Eternal.

By Rev. S. D. Phelps, D. D.

From the Past, with its treasures of honor and story,
Wrought out by an ancestry noble and true,
O children of Suffield, the Future's bright glory,
In promise and hope, is entrusted to you.

May virtue and happiness, sisters of beauty,
E'er dwell in your homes as their gladness and peace,
And the sons of the fathers, unshrinking in duty,
Make the fame of their heritage ever increase.

May the blessings of earth in the sunshine of Heaven,
For every one here in their plentitude rest;
And the far richer grace of the Gospel be given,
As the guide of the soul to the home of the blest.

In the long line of centuries down to their ending,
May the earliest memories blend with the last;
Through successions of years, benedictions descending,
Till millennial splendors be over them cast.

The Pioneers of Suffield, Conn.

By Rev. Amos B. Cobb, of Chicago, Ill.

Mr. President: I feel myself honored to be recognized as one of the guests at the second centennial celebration of the settlement of this town, my once happy home. Suffield is endeared to me by interests most sacred.

And now to respond to a sentiment fraught with so much interest, commencing with the pioneers' great hearts of thought and action, which the word signifies. The two Harmons, fired with the idea of progress, resolved to brave all danger and hardship for interests in the prospective. From this noble standpoint assumed by those worthy men of large hearts and great thoughts, like the rays of the solar orb, have radiated all the interests and honors of this now pleasant and wealthy town. The men of Suffield have been in many points the first to think and then to act, which has won much renown.

Samuel and Joseph Harmon were the men to fell those lofty trees, and began to transform the wilderness into a fruitful field, albeit it was "a very woody place and difficult to winne."

In contemplating those brave men, I imagine I see them as they think, resolve, and act in their daring project. I fancy I hear them say 'tis here we will set up our Ebenezer; then with tinder-box, flint, and steel they kindle a fire by the side of a fallen tree, then sit upon the old oak and regale themselves with the beauty of the surrounding scenery, while eating the first meal in the new town, and then lie down beside the log to sleep and dream of days to come.

This is a synopsis of pioneering; this presents the toil, and suffering, and danger incident to life in a howling wilderness; this the germ of what we now witness in this flourishing, wealthy, and beautiful town. From these noble pioneers has the pioneer spirit emanated and radiated, as from one common centre. I, too, have known something of pioneer life, being born April 22d, 1789, only eight days before the inauguration of Gen. Geo. Washington, as the pioneer President of the United States. I cannot claim this as my birthplace, but the place of my adoption at the age of thirteen. Here I was educated and raised to manhood, a cotemporary of the lamented Rev. Aretas Kent, who subsequently entered the ministry and became a pioneer missionary in the far West, and won many souls for his Master as an ambassador of Jesus, now gone to report himself and receive his reward. Peace to his ashes, and glory to his soul.

I entered the ministry and was licensed in March, 1819, and that year labored in Winsted and its vicinity. I afterwards labored in Simsbury, Granby, and Canton, and succeeded the Rev. J. N. Maffit in the city of Hartford.

In 1825 I removed to Cayuga Co., N. Y., and commenced my labors as a pioneer in the great vineyard of the West. The next year I preached alternately in Homer, Cortland Co., and Locke, Cayuga Co.

From about the middle of June to the middle of November I preached in the woods in open air, as the school houses and barns were too small to contain the congregations; and what is remarkable, there were but two rainy Sundays in the time, and that was the first Sunday, when we were driven into the school house, and the last day we were driven into a barn. Many sought the Lord and professed their faith in God as the result of my pioneer labor there.

In the spring of 1831, being more fully imbued with the spirit of the pioneer minister, I resolved to obey the command given to the first pioneers of the cross, and as the field was large, to say as did the prophets, here am I, send me. In August I emigrated with my family to the territory of Michigan, and landed at the mouth of Swan Creek, where the city of Toledo now stands. No white settlement of any great amount, but the ground dotted with tents of Indians, collected there to receive pay from government. I journeyed from there to Monroe City, thence up the river Raisin, about fifty miles, to Tecumseh, where I located and preached for one year in the sparse settlement of that region. I will not detain you to speak of all the interesting incidents of that toilsome journey, part of the way being only the Indian trail.

Soon after my arrival at Tecumseh, I went in search of provision for my family, and all I could get for love or money in three days' time was a borrowed loaf of bread, and six green cucumbers given me.

The next spring the Black Hawk war broke out in the wilds of Wisconsin, and threatened to spread desolation and death through all the pioneer settlements between there and Canada. We were in jeopardy for some months, and once were informed that 1,500 Indians were close upon us, and we felt all the terror and anxiety incident to the anticipated attack. But it was a false alarm: God ordered it otherwise, and we were preserved. God proved himself a God at hand, and restrained the wrath of man, and we received no harm. To God be all the praise.

In August, 1832, I sold my home in the woods of Tecumseh and started for Prairie Ronde, Kalamazoo Co., where I unfurled the banner of the cross, and the winter following the Lord recognized the labor and sanctioned it by calling into His kingdom many precious souls. There we had seasons of privation and want; but God was with us and sustained us through all, and I labored on in connection with others in the pioneer field as embassadors of Jesus, with more or less success, until the beginning of the winter '35-6. I was then called to a more extensive field of labor in a circuit of about 400 miles. I traveled on horseback, which was in fact my study, as there I arranged my sermons, and preached from 24 to 28 times every four weeks. I was with my family but four days out of 28, and for all my toil, labor, and privation, received about $100 a year. My parishioners were all pioneer settlers, and most of them did what they could to support the Gospel, and we lived together and God prospered us in spiritual and temporal things.

Mr. President, your humble speaker and former townsman has known much of the life of the pioneer, both as a man and a minister, and being honored by the appointment of embassador of Jesus Christ to the revolted world of mankind, I have endeavored not only to teach and warn, but also to "pray them in Christ's stead be ye reconciled to God."

Having been raised to manhood from thirteen years of age, and entering upon the affairs of civil life as a freeman, commencing I say here in this town, I claim to be a pioneer of Suffield. Yes, sir, I have been somewhat a pioneer Methodist minister in this town; for some time I preached alternately in South street and Feather street, every two weeks, and occasionally in other parts of the town.

My ministry in this town was about the last of my labor in New England, excepting a part of the time I preached in Southwick, Mass., which adds another link of evidence to my claim of being a pioneer of Suffield. Of this I boast. I love to advert to Connecticut—yes, to Suffield—as my native home. Enough of self.

Pardon me, Mr. President; I have unintentionally passed over the first ministers, the pioneers of the Gospel of the Son of God in this town. I should have named the Rev. John Younglove as the first to think and act—verily a pioneer. Mr. Geo. Philips and Mr. Nathaniel Clapp were also pioneers, and prepared the way for Mr. Benjamin Ruggles to be ordained the first pastor, making him and the church the pioneer pastor and church of Suffield. But Aretas Kent, myself, and perhaps many others, I know not who, have been pioneers from Suffield. Thanks to God for conferring on us so great an honor.

Mr. President, having first alluded to those great hearts and strong arms, the Harmons, as the first pioneers in Suffield, I have recognized the pioneer spirit that followed, especially in the ministers of Suffield, who have shed a hallowed influence on their successors, of which I think I have had a small share.

But, sir, as I have defined the word pioneer, first to think and then to act, it has been radiating in all its ramifications of business life, so that it has become proverbial that the Yankee enterprise going out from Suffield is found everywhere.

At the present time we have heard boast of the great men who have been raised and gone out from Suffield as men of thought and action, pioneers in literature, in arts, and the sciences. You see, sir, that Suffield is renowned for the good and the great. Thanks for your patience and forbearance.

The South Fields—their sturdy oaks and hard soil. "Difficult to winne," they were fit companions and emblems of the unbending and unyielding integrity of our forefathers.

The vigorous Trumbull family. Having first planted the noble elm in Suffield, now extend the branches of their lineal tree o'er many a State, and may their leaves be for the healing of nations.

Letter from J. Hammond Trumbull.

HARTFORD, Oct. 10th, 1870.

DANIEL W. NORTON, ESQ.: MY DEAR SIR: Till this evening I have been hoping that I might be able to accept your obliging invitation to be present at the celebration on Wednesday of the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Suffield—the earliest home in Connecticut of the Trumbulls. But at this late hour I find myself under the necessity of sending my regrets.

Even if I could be with you, I am not sure that it would be proper for me to speak, on such an occasion, as a representative of the surname. Though I belong to the *clan*, I am not of (the) Suffield *(sept.)* My ancestors remained in Massachusetts more than a hundred years after their kinsmen, the *Trumbles* of Suffield, came to Stony Brook.

Yet, although I have no Suffield blood in my veins, I should not the less enjoy meeting with you, to recall memories of the old time, and to look at some of the ancient landmarks that I know only by the mention of them in your early records. I would like to trace the boundaries of the first Trumble homelots, on Feather street, and to see the old elm that the two brothers planted near the first Trumble homestead. It "lives yet," I am told, and is now about twenty-five feet in circumference near the ground, surviving the last representative of the Trumble name in Suffield. The best part of it, perhaps, is under ground, as is often true of ancient families and ancient trees; but the life has not all gone from the old stock, and if it no longer throws out new branches as vigorously as in former years, *scions* from it, transplanted to other States, are growing into goodly trees.

I have mentioned the *clan* of the Trumbulls, and that word suggests the Scottish origin of the surname and birthplace of the family.

In the course of two or three generations, the descendants of the "raiding and rieving" borderers were trained to good citizenship, and by the time Connecticut began to be settled, the Trumbles—some of them, at least—were qualified to become planters in a "land of steady habits," and deacons in puritan churches.

Several families of the name were living in *Newcastle-on-Tyne*, in the early part of the 17th century. When I was searching the register of All Saints Parish, in that city, several years ago, I found the marriage of *John Trumble* and *Elinor Chandler*, July 7th, 1635. These it is nearly certain, were the parents of *Judah* and *Joseph*, of Suffield.

When John and Elinor Trumble came to New England is not precisely ascertained. They were living in Rowley, Mass., in 1641. He had been

admitted a freeman of Massachusetts the year before. His kinsman, John Trumble, of Cambridge and Charlestown, came over as early, at least, as 1636. Mrs. Elinor, or, as she is called in the Rowley records, *Ellen* Trumble, died in 1649. Her husband married a second wife, who survived him. At his decease, in 1657, he left three sons, *John*, *Judah*, and *Joseph*, all by his first wife. John, the eldest, lived and died in Rowley. About 1690 he was on the point of removal to Suffield, but he had not yet established himself there at the time of his decease, in the winter of 1690–91.

Judah, second son of the first John of Rowley, appears on the Connecticut records in 1668, when I find his name as plaintiff in an action for debt, before the town court in Windsor. He may have been living, at this time, in Springfield.

June 24th, 1674, "the committee for ordering the affairs of the new plantation now called Suffield," granted Judah Trumble and his younger brother *Joseph* each a lot of 50 acres on Feather street. From this time the two brothers were counted as of Suffield.

The first recorded birth in the town is (as I learn from Mr. Sykes's Historical Address in 1858), that of *John*, son of Judah and Mary Trumble, March 5th, 1674. The first recorded death is that of Ebenezer, son of Judah and Mary, Sept. 23d, 1675.

But John, the son of *Judah*, if the first born of Suffield, was not the first born of Suffield Johns. *Joseph*, the younger brother of Judah, married before him, and had a son John, born in Rowley, Nov. 27th, 1670—afterwards known on Suffield's records as "John Trumble the First." His father did not bring his family to Suffield till the summer of 1675. In June of that year he sold his house in Rowley, and removed as soon as his youngest child, born in the previous March, was old enough to travel with.

These two young Johns—"John the First," son of *Joseph*, and "John the Second," son of *Judah*—have given genealogists a great deal of trouble. I never looked into the Suffield records without being thankful that their uncle John of Rowley died before he brought his family to the new plantation. If *he* had come, and brought another little John with him, to be mixed up with his cousins on the town records, the genealogical puzzle would have become hopelessly complicated.

I am making too long a story of the planting of the Trumbull elm, and must beware of "endless genealogies." I will dispose of the next half dozen generations in as few words as possible, and restrict myself to lines of descent from Joseph, the younger brother. He had four sons—*John*, *Joseph*, *Ammi*, and *Benoni*—who became the founders of four distinct families.

John was the grandfather of the Rev. John Trumbull, of Westbury, (now Watertown), ordained in 1740, whose son, John Trumbull, LL. D., of Hartford, was a Judge of the Superior Court from 1801 to 1819, but is far better known as the author of "McFingal, the Modern Epic," that be-

came the most popular of American poems, and went through more than thirty editions before 1820. The late George A. Trumbull, of the Citizens Bank in Worcester, was a descendant from John the First.

Joseph, the second son of Joseph, became one of the early planters of Lebanon, where he lived till his decease in 1755. His son *Jonathan* was the Revolutionary Governor. Of him I need only repeat the words of Washington: "A long and well-spent life in the service of his country, places Governor Trumbull among the first of patriots." His eldest son, Col. Joseph, was the first Commissary General of the army of the United States, and a Commissioner of the War Office. Another son, *Jonathan*, was secretary and aid to Washington, speaker of Congress, 1791–1796, and Governor of Connecticut from 1798 till his death in 1809. A third son, Col. *John Trumbull*, was, in the words of his epitaph, "Patriot and artist, friend and aid of Washington." The remaining son, *David*, of Lebanon, was father of the third Governor, *Joseph* Trumbull, of Hartford, who died in 1861. The two daughters of the old Governor, *Faith* and *Mary*, were married, one to Gen. Jedediah Huntington, of the army of the Revolution, the other to William Williams, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. The Rev. *David Trumbull*, D. D., now of Valparaiso, is a grandson of Jonathan, the second Governor.

Ammi, third son of the first Joseph of Suffield, settled in *East Windsor*, and left descendants there by his son, Capt. Ammi, and two daughters married, one to Ebenezer Watson, the other to Ebenezer Hayden. Among his descendants I may name the late Dr. Horace Wells, of Hartford, to whose memory, as the discoverer of Anæthesia, his state and country are beginning to award honors that have been too long deferred.

Benoni, fourth son of Joseph, born five days after his father's death, and hence, I suppose, named "a son of grief," founded the *Hebron* family, from which came, in the third generation, the Rev. Dr. *Benjamin* Trumbull, minister of North Haven, and author of the History of Connecticut. The Hon. Lyman Trumbull, the distinguished Senator from Illinois, is a grandson of the Rev. Dr. Trumbull, and a native of Colchester.

My letter has grown to an unreasonable length, and imperfect as is the outline sketch I have attempted to give of one of the principal branches of the Suffield stock, I must not now add to or complete it. Twenty names occur to me among descendants, in the male lines, from Judah and Joseph Trumbull, as well deserving honorable mention as some of whom I have taken note. And a much longer roll of men of mark might be made up from those who trace descent through *maternal* ancestors from the two brothers of Suffield. But I did not purpose to do the work of the genealogist, only to cull here and there a few twigs from an old tree.

With sincere regret that I cannot be present at the commemoration on Wednesday—a regret in which you can hardly fail to join, when you see how long a letter my presence would have spared you, I am, my dear, sir,

Very truly yours, J. Hammond Trumbull.

The old Porch House, the first parsonage, and the Sentinel Elms.

Responded to by the Hon. Samuel H. Huntington, of Hartford—in which Judge Huntington very happily and pleasantly stated that Suffield was the place of his nativity; that he was cradled in the old "Porch House," where, and at the village school, his early boyhood was spent. The two majestic elm trees standing in front were planted by the Rev. Benjamin Ruggles and his people, about 175 years ago. We fancy we see them, emerging from the forest, with the young elms on their shoulders, spades in hand, and see them planting them on the highway or common. In the rear of the old "Porch House" was the well, with its crotch and sweep, and "old oaken bucket." The old Bell pear-tree on the northwest, into which many a vicious boy climbed in the darkness of the night, thus proving the old maxim, "stolen fruit was sweet." During the Revolutionary war a company of militia were paraded under the shade of these elms one summer's day, during the month of August, preparatory to go to the front in the service of their country. Gen. Washington, the "Father of the Country," was passing through Suffield on that day, and stopped at the Austin tavern (directly opposite) to dine. Some of the principal men of the town invited him to go over and make a speech, to cheer and encourage the men in this company to go forward and do their duty to their country. He did so, and his speech had the desired effect. On another occasion, when General Washington was passing through this town, he stopped, and with others went up into the belfry in the steeple of the Congregational church on the hill, just built, with its beautiful spire, by Master Howard, of Suffield. Gen. Washington greatly admired the beauty of the surrounding country, the dwellings of its patriotic citizens, and the fertility of its cultivated fields.

A few years ago one of these majestic elm trees (the north one) fell during a wintry storm of wind, rain, and ice, whose spacious roots had been mutilated by a ruthless teamster's axe, in which he made a trough which he filled with grain, for the purpose of feeding his team, ruining this noble tree, and causing its death in half a century, while the other sentinel is left in health and strength, solitary and alone, a silent mourner of the past, listening to the shrill whistle of the *first* locomotive with its special train from Hartford, over the branch railroad to Suffield, on this occasion. Long may *this* sentinel elm stand in all its glory, free from harm and the winter's blast, a memento of the past, and mark the site of the holy men of old. And long may the worthy and honorable respondent to this sentiment live to visit the place of his nativity.

The Suffield men who are honored business men of other places.

Responded to by Wyllys King, Esq., of St. Louis, Missouri.

Mr. President: It is not in my power to make a speech, even if I desired to do so, or if proper to take up the time, which can be much better used. I only beg the privilege of expressing my sincere thanks to you as

the honored president of the day, and through you to the committee of invitation, for your circular which reached me "beyond the Mississippi," and which prompted my attendance on this happy reunion. When I read the names on the circular—*Norton*, *Loomis*, *Sheldon*, *Spencer*, and other names so familiar in early days, my heart responded at once to the invitation, and my purpose was fixed to be here if possible. And now I am here to mingle in these social pleasures, to hear the voices of old friends, and to look once more into one another's faces. Time has wrought changes in many of *us*, as well as in other things. We have to look deep down below the *lines* and *graves*—the marks of time—on our faces to see the soul once so well known and esteemed; but it still lives and shines out in the *face*, and I rejoice to see it there.

It is more than fifty years since I went out a boy from this *grand old town*—how grand only those know who have been abroad—to enter upon life's struggles, to fight its battles, and it is nearly forty years since my experience of life began "beyond the Mississippi," then far off—a journey of *twenty days* of diligent travel—now a journey of *forty hours*, and that without loss of sleep—then a far off land of plenty and cheapness, so much so that the farmers there used to tell me that a field of corn of *sixty bushels* to the acre "would run any man in debt to pick it." Now that same field is brought so near—thanks to your railroads that have reached us—that it is right alongside of your old pastures, into which the crop can be thrown with profit to the owner. The spirit of improvement has wrought here also, as I discover by the changes made in this *old* Suffield street—*magnificent beyond comparison with any other street east or west.* I miss the building which was in the centre of the street, and where I did mischief as a schoolboy; and a new handsome edifice has replaced the "meeting house" into the belfry of which we boys ran up and down on the lightning-rod at pleasure, and some of the most presumptuous even up to the ball on the top of the spire.

But I am not to make a speech, and will only remark further—again thanking you for this privilege—that my name is Wyllys King, son of Zeno King, born in Suffield—born on the river road once called "Feather street," a designation quite significant, but which I cannot now explain. My grandfather, Dan King, had fourteen children, and the most of them grew up, married, and did something more than "talk of population," and I am told that his grandfather had *nineteen children*, and at one time the name of "King" was on a par with that of "Smith."

It may not be out of place here to say that as to *numbers* in the family, my own blessings have been such that I need not be ashamed to stand up in the presence of Kings.

Rev. Mr. Barton proposed an impromptu toast as follows:

Our Suffield branch railroad, and the arrival to-day of its first train—two hundred years in coming, but better late than never.

This toast was happily responded to by S. A. Lane, Esq., of Akron, Ohio. After giving some interesting statistics in regard to the great increase and also the great value of railroads in Ohio, and through the West, he expressed his joy that now at length his native town was to reap the rich benefit of this grand and indispensable instrument of civilization. In closing, he gave utterance to a hope—which at no distant day will doubtless be realized—that the Suffield railroad might have an outlet *northward*, as it now has southward.

The farmers of Suffield—the foundation of society, the benefactors and feeders of the public, the hope for a tri-centennial celebration.

Responded to by Major Edwin P. Stevens.

Mr. President and Fellow-Citizens: The sentiment just read is a truth so apparent that it needs no argument from me to prove it. It is from the fields and gardens of the husbandman that the table of the great kings, presidents, and nobles are supplied, as well as that of the peasant.

What a change to-day from that those noble pioneers beheld, when they first came here and built their rude cabins, and made themselves a home, and commenced the settlement of our town. The dark forests and the giant oaks have nearly disappeared before their sturdy blows, and to-day we look out upon well cultivated fields and stately mansions, where wealth and prosperity prevails, with joy and rejoicings, in all our habitations.

These beautiful churches, these institutions of learning, stand like diamonds in the coronet of a prince, not only to beautify, but to bless.

What changes another century will bring it would be difficult to predict. The river, that marks our eastern boundary and gives name to our noble State, will flow on to the ocean; the brooks will run in their accustomed channels; the beautiful landscapes and fertile valleys will be here; those western hills, and even old Manitic, that stands on our western border, will remain unchanged and unchanging—but we, fellow-citizens, of to-day will not be here; others will walk these silent vales; before that time we shall be gathered to our fathers, and shall sleep the long sleep of death.

Let us then, fellow-citizens, meet with promptness the duties of our position, and discharge them with fidelity. Let us practice the virtues of our fathers, and when we, like them, shall have passed away, we may have the proud consciousness that our town and the world have been made better by our living in it.

Major Edwin P. Stevens

Capt Apollos Phelps Age 86

The oldest man in Suffield—Capt. Apollos Phelps.

Capt. Phelps came upon the stand and said: Mr. President, and fellow-citizens: I thank you for kindly remembering me on this deeply interesting occasion. I stand before you to-day the oldest man that is an inhabitant of this town. It was in Suffield that I was born, in Suffield I have always lived. I have been an active cotemporary with two generations that have passed away. May the blessings of Almighty God rest upon the men and women of Suffield to-day, and the generations that are to succeed you long after all that is mortal of Apollos Phelps shall be reposing beneath its generous soil.

Other voices than those whose remarks are recorded gave utterance to the thoughts and emotions, which seemed to well up spontaneously in every heart present, and many others would have been glad to have spoken, but the time of parting had come, and the company dispersed, each to seek his own home and the sphere to which he was accustomed to act. But all seemed to be well satisfied to have spent one day in commemorating the virtues of their ancestors, and reviving the friendships of earlier years.

The Executive Committee desire to acknowledge much to the ladies of Suffield for their aid in the preparation for the table, and to all those who have assisted in the work and labor attending the celebration, as well as preparing the Appendix for the press.

LETTERS AND REGRETS,

RECEIVED BY INVITATION COMMITTEE.

RAVENNA, OHIO, October 1, 1870.

TO WM. L. LOOMIS, SIMON B. KENDALL, ALBERT AUSTIN, Esqs., and others, Committee, &c.:

GENTLEMEN: I have just received your kind invitation to attend and participate with you and others in the bi-centennial celebration of the "Grant of the General Court of Boston, October 12th, 1670," which was, I presume, the first effective movement for the settlement of the then wilderness, now the beautiful and flourishing town of Suffield, our own native town. For this invitation I thank you, and I assure you that nothing could give me more pleasure than it would to visit my old native place on such an occasion, and view it as it now is, and associate with those I might find there, and visit the graves of my ancestors. Though I might find few familiar faces after so long an absence, I would, no doubt, enjoy and duly appreciate the friendly greeting of some old friends, and others of the young generation that have succeeded the departed ones.

But I am now an old man, and though enjoying tolerable health, am, I fear, too feeble to endure the fatigues, to say nothing of the expense, of a journey of some 700 miles, even with the advantages of the modern improvements in locomotion. Besides, to attend there on the 12th I would have to lose my vote at our Ohio annual election, which occurs on the 11th instant. I have never yet failed to cast my vote at an annual election in Ohio for near fifty years.

My father, Elias Harmon, Sen., son of Deacon John Harmon, died on his farm a half mile west of the West Suffield meeting house, in January, 1793, leaving a widow and eight children, of whom I was the youngest—born December 11th, 1789, and of them all I am now the only survivor. We all removed West, the first in 1799, myself in March, 1802, and I have never re-visited my native State; have always wished to, but never found it convenient, and now I expect I must wholly give it up, asking of you to excuse me now.

Accept now my best wishes for a pleasant meeting on the 12th, and for the future prosperity of you all, individually, and for my dear old native town.

JOHN HARMON.

Buffalo, N. Y., July 20, 1870.

D. W. Norton, Esq., Chairman, &c.:

My Dear Sir: Your esteemed favor of the 6th inst., inviting me to attend the coming bi-centennial anniversary of the settlement of the town of Suffield, on the 11th and 12th of October next, is received, and would have been earlier answered but for my absence from Buffalo. Since my arrival home, last Saturday, I have looked over my business engagements and do not see how I can be with you at the time of the celebration. It is therefore prudent for me to say to you my attendance is so uncertain that you cannot safely rely upon my being present and taking a part in the ceremonies. I can assure you nothing would give me greater pleasure than to be present with you and to participate in the interesting ceremonies of that occasion. It is indeed an occasion which cannot but give utterance to a noble, sublime, and expansive sentiment. You will necessarily be carried back to contemplate the deeds and virtues of our ancestors, a race of men and women ever to be revered by their descendants, for their indomitable energies and exalted virtues. Heaven bless and prosper you in the pious and dutiful work before you.

Yours most respectfully, S. G. Austin.

Montgomery, Ala., September 19, 1870.

Hon. Daniel W. Norton, Chairman:

Dear Sir: I have delayed a reply to your invitation to meet the "sons and daughters of Suffield" at the celebration of their bi-centennial anniversary, hoping I might be able to be present; but that I find will be impossible, and can only express my regret. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to greet once more the friends of half a century, and their descendants, and unite with them in celebrating the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of our old mother. I am proud of being remembered as a son of Suffield, and of being worthy of an invitation to meet her distinguished sons, and unite with them in their festivities. Nearly forty years ago I left her to seek my fortune in a distant land; but I have never ceased to remember her with pride, and to feel a deep interest in her welfare, and the welfare of her children. I trust I shall ever so remember her till "my right hand shall forget its cunning."

But, two hundred years! How long! and yet how short when I remember that I have seen more than one fourth of them roll away. What changes have been wrought within my recollection! How many loved ones have passed away to return no more! In your cemetery sleeps the dust of my parents and ancestors, with many dear friends. I confess to a feeling of sadness at the recollection.

Thanking you, Mr. Chairman, and through you the Executive Committee—several of whom I remember as the friends of my youth—for your kind invitation, permit me to hope that the future history of "old Suffield" may be even more glorious than its past—that its record of bright

names may be even more illustrious than the preceding one—that her "sons may be as plants, grown up in their youth; that her daughters may be as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace; that her garners may be full, affording all manner of store," and that the happiness and prosperity of her children may continue to the end.

I am, dear sir, very truly yours, WM. H. SMITH.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Oct. 10, 1870.

To D. W. NORTON, Esq., and Associates:

GENTLEMEN: Your note of invitation to participate in the celebration of the approaching bi-centennial anniversary of the settlement of Suffield came duly to hand. I should have replied weeks ago had I not hoped to be present on the occasion. But this satisfaction I am compelled reluctantly to forego.

In common with the good people of my native town, I feel that I owe a debt of gratitude to the brave men who laid the foundations of that municipality. Though it is now thirty-five years since I, a stripling, left the town, yet the influence of early association and companionship is felt to-day. The industrial habits of the people among whom my youth was passed, their regard for education and morality, and their respect for the institutions of Christianity, I reckon among the best educational influences which I enjoyed in early life. I owe to them more to-day than to any institutions of learning.

Gladly, therefore, would I unite with you in paying a deserved tribute to those who have passed away, but whose works still praise them. May the next bi-centennial find the principles and practices of the fathers flourishing in full vigor among their descendants.

With sentiments of respect I am your obedient servant,

A. H. GRANGER.

GUILFORD, Sept. 19, 1870.

D. W. NORTON, Esq.:

DEAR SIR: Please accept the sincere thanks of myself and family for the kind invitation your committee have given us to be present at your bi-centennial anniversary on the 12th of October next. Be assured it would afford me great pleasure to comply with this invitation; but such is the state of my health that I shall not be able to be with you on the deeply interesting occasion. The part which you kindly proposed for me must, of course, be given to some one else.

Very respectfully yours, HENRY ROBINSON.

MENDOTA, LA SALLE CO., ILL., Oct. 1, 1870.

MY DEAR ELIZABETH P. PHILLEO: Your welcome letter dated September 26th was duly received, for which I thank you and those extending a kind invitation to me and my wife, to attend the celebration pending on the 12th of October, at Suffield. You ask my sentiments in regard to such occasions. I reply my mind is occupied with the scenes of the future state of my being. I am in the 84th year of my age. My hope in God is unshaken amid all the revolutions and changes of a protracted life. We live in an era of great interest and surprising changes. The next great event in the unfolding purposes of God, I think, will be the restoration of the Jews to the land of their fathers. Russia, from indications plainly manifest, will be employed as the favored instrument to remove the obstacles in the way of their return.

Russia may have no higher motive than her own aggrandizement in the enlargement of her own vast empire. The Jews, wherever located, though possessed of vast wealth, are not the owners of real estate; consequently they stand ready at the providential signal to march in rank and file, under the banner of the great Shepherd of Israel, to possess the land promised to their fathers. I am no prophet, and would not be curious to pry into the secret things of God, but study them carefully and prayerfully as the opening leaves unfold. Infidels are everywhere exulting over their fancied victories over the Christian religion. How vain are their hopes; sudden and final will be their overthrow. "The Lord reigns; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of the isles thereof be glad." "Glory to God in the highest; peace on earth and good will toward men." And let the whole earth be filled with His glory. Amen, and amen.

I like to have forgotten Suffield altogether in my flight of thought. But I still remember her, and feel happy to know that I am kindly remembered. I well remember after being in an extensive revival of religion in the State of New York, I took a journey eastward and called on Elder Cushman in Hartford, to visit and hear preaching. But he urged me to go to Suffield—perhaps God would bless my labors. I complied with his urgent request. I found the people without a pastor, and somewhat divided. I appointed a meeting. The people gathered, and God blessed the word, and many were added to the church. I stayed in Suffield and enjoyed a second glorious revival. I got permission of the church and congregation of leave of absence for four or five weeks to visit Pawtucket, R. I., in compliance with an earnest request of the church in that place, hoping and praying that God would bless my labors there as he had in other places. I left home in my own conveyance. I arrived there after two days' travel. I reached Pawtucket late in the afternoon. A meeting was appointed in the vestry in the evening. The bell was rung, the people soon filled the vestry to overflowing. I felt sure that God would bless the word to the salvation of souls. I obtained this evi-

dence on my way thither. My prayers found a place at the throne of grace. A work of God that very evening commenced, and extended over all that region. Here I was brought to a stand. I could not labor in Suffield and Pawtucket. I finally, with great reluctance, decided to go to Pawtucket. I never found a kinder people than the people of Suffield. I preached twice on the Sabbath, and then in the evening to Boston Neck, then to Christian street, (so-called.) at Simon Kendall's school house, Sikes' school house; to complete the circle at the Sheldon school house, near Martin Sheldon, Esq. These meetings were always well attended.

I have written during my life a cart full of manuscript, but never read one in my whole ministerial life and called it preaching. A minister should feel a consciousness that he is called of God to his high and holy calling before he enters upon his work, and enter into it with all his heart and soul, looking up to Him for aid and success. A man not conscious of this inward call to the ministry must feel reproved every step he takes with these words sounding in his ears: "Who hath required this at your hands?"

To return again to Suffield. The church believed in the practice of opening the doors after preaching, to give time and opportunity to any who might feel it their duty to drop a word of exhortation warm from the heart. (This practice was customary in the church in the State of New York, where I enjoyed my first membership.) Capt. Apollos Phelps sometimes would burst like a bombshell upon the congregation, which made that old meeting-house crack again, and the church felt warmed, awakened and comforted under such a powerful explosion, coming from a heart filled with the love of God. Sister Gunn, Deacon Gunn's wife, would rise to speak, stand erect in the door full six feet, would pour out a warm exhortation full of good sense and comfort. She was a strong woman physically and mentally. To carry out her views of the rights of women, she went into the mowing and harvest fields and performed the work of men and received men's wages, though she was independent in her circumstances—her husband was a prosperous farmer. The evening meetings were conducted in the same manner as in the meeting-house. Where the gifts of the church are all locked up, the ministers preach all, pray all, say all, do all, control all, mould all, and he mounted on his ministerial saddle, whip and spur in hand—that church is "dead, twice dead." To come back again to Suffield. I never set a price on my preaching and pastoral labors. I think they raised on subscription, about $300 a year.

Suffield was a farming town. My real wants were supplied from their abundance above and beyond their subscription. If they had any good things I was sure to share a part with them. In West Suffield a Baptist church was organized at quite an early day. Old Elder Morse was their pastor. He had been down to Hartford in the course of the week to attend a religious meeting, and returning early Sunday morning to West Suffield to preach, as usual, passing through Windsor, he was accosted

where he was traveling on the holy Sabbath? He replied he was going to West Suffield. He was told to dismount from his horse and stay in their house till Monday morning, and then he might go on his way. He plead with them to let him pass on; he would disturb no one. He bid them good morning, put whip to his horse, and was on his way to West Suffield. The standing order mounted their horses and pursued, determined to bring him back to Windsor, to be tried for breaking the holy Sabbath. The elder led them on, keeping a little ahead of them, till they all arrived in front of the meeting-house, on Zion's Hill, so called, where a vast multitude of people were gathered.

The elder dismounted and turned and addressed his pursuers and persecutors: "Gentlemen, here is where I preach, and if you will go into the meeting and hear me preach, you may then go home to Windsor; otherwise I will complain of you for breaking the holy Sabbath, as you call it." The men complied with the terms proposed, and went on their way back to Windsor ashamed and confounded.

Thus, I have written a few broken, disconnected thoughts. It is poorly written, but I cannot conveniently re-write it. My best love to you and your family, and all who remember and enquire after me. My spirit will be with the people of Suffield on the 12th of October. Looking at the present condition of our country, I rejoice with trembling. Who will celebrate this day one hundred years hence?

From your affectionate father and friend,

CALVIN PHILLEO.

MENDOTA, Oct. 3, 1870.

DEAR ELIZABETH: Although I was never a resident of Suffield, anything done in the State of Connecticut, where I so long resided, becomes to me very interesting. It is, in my estimation, a noble act to celebrate in after time great and noble deeds. I presume on this occasion you will have a grand mental exhibition of the vast improvements that have been made in the administration of the government of the American people since the days of British rule. I should indeed be glad to be with you, and listen to the glowing eloquence that will doubtless be displayed on the occasion.

I hope the ladies will be remembered during this bi-centennial and some suitable credit given to them for the many heroic and philanthropic deeds they have performed during the growth of our national republic.

Affectionately yours,

PRUDENCE CRANDALL PHILLEO.

WILMINGTON, ILL., Oct. 6, 1870.

WILLIAM L. LOOMIS, Esq., and others of the Committee of Invitation:

DEAR SIRS: Through the kindness of friends, I have had the pleasure of receiving, by your printed circular, an invitation to attend the second bi-centennial anniversary, to be held in Suffield, Oct. 12th, instant.

I much regret that my engagements will not admit of my participation in your interesting celebration. Although a thousand miles away from you, out upon the broad prairies of Illinois, whose population now exceeds two and a half millions of people, in the midst of the movements incident to the development of the almost immeasurable wealth which nature, with a lavish hand, has stored away within its boundaries, as one of the descendants referred to in your circular, and as an Illinoian, I send you a hearty friendly greeting.

Although not a native of Suffield, yet the name is like that of a household word. Neither am I altogether a stranger; for of Connecticut, my native State, I am justly proud. New England and Illinois have many interests in common—pecuniary, commercial, friendly, fraternal. The ties binding them together fast and strong are innumerable. New England enterprise and wealth have materially aided in the development of the great interests of the West, and no State has profited more largely in these benefits than Illinois. You require the products of our mines and our soil. We of your looms and manufactories.

Here the genius and enterprise of your surplus population can find ample room for rich expansion. Wherever they go, or wherever they are, the sons of New England will not be unmindful of their origin, and never will they forget the land of steady habits. The history and reminiscences of your locality for the last two centuries the sons of Suffield and their descendants will delight to contemplate. And the reunion of those that have wandered far and wide I trust will be under the most favorable auspices.

Again I shall express my deep regret at not being able to join you on so memorable an occasion. Thanking you for your zeal and enterprise in arranging the celebration of so important an event in the history of Suffield, for the interest you have manifested in its sons and daughters and their descendants, and for the invitation to me, one of the descendants of Ebenezer Hathaway, I will express the hope that your most favorable anticipations may be realized, and the day you celebrate be remembered for another hundred years.

With much interest in your welfare,

I am your most obedient servant,

DAVID U. COBB.

ZANESVILLE, OHIO, Oct. 10, 1870.

MESSRS. WM. L. LOOMIS, and others of the Committee on Invitation, &c.:

GENTLEMEN: On my return home from my fall circuit I found your note awaiting me, extending a cordial invitation to meet with the people of Suffield on the 12th day of October, and join in their bi-centennial anniversary celebration.

Although born in Ohio, Suffield was the home of my ancestry, and indeed, if family tradition be true, Lancelot Granger, my great-great-great-grandfather, who married Joanna, daughter of "Robert Adams of Newbury," on the 4th day of January, 1654, was one of the original settlers of your town. Having made several pilgrimages to the old homestead on Taintor Hill since I came to manhood, I am not altogether a stranger to the town, and was pleased to note, when last there, (in 1866), that while so much of what was old remained to remind of people and years that are past, there was also so much of improvement in buildings and grounds as proved that age had not taken away the vigor of the town; that while the stern virtues that belonged to the founders may have gone into the past along with the times and circumstances that moulded or were moulded by them, their successors, now resident in quiet safety and comfort where their ancestors maintained themselves by courage and endurance, amid privation and danger, exhibit their full share of the virtues of a generation, whose duty it is to improve, adorn, and beautify; whose energies must be applied in the direction of education, production, culture, and comfort. But if I do not cry halt, my *pen* will, I fear, successfully accomplish what more properly pertains to an *augur*.

Duties in Ohio forbid my bodily presence in Connecticut on the 12th inst. I will on that day try to be with you in mind. Rest assured that many sons and grandsons of Suffield who must remain away from your celebration will on that day be thinking of what you are doing and regretting their inability to be in old Suffield on her two hundredth birthday.

Very respectfully yours,

MOSES M. GRANGER.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 4, 1870.

TO DANIEL W. NORTON, SIMON B. KENDALL, WM. L. LOOMIS, GAD SHELDON, HEZEKIAH S. SHELDON, T. HEZEKIAH SPENCER, and HENRY M. SYKES, greeting:

Your note to S. A. Lane, Esq., of Akron, Ohio, inviting himself and family, which I suppose includes myself, to the bi-centennial anniversary at Suffield, Oct. 11th and 12th, was read by me, and being unable to attend personally, I thought perhaps a few lines from me would be acceptable.

Born January 9th, 1810, I am of course 60 years old, and can call to mind events of the past for more than a quarter of that 200 years, enough to fill a volume; but I am aware such letters must be short. I am some-

what in the condition of my fellow-bookseller, Oliver Ditson, of Boston, who being asked to say grace at a large clam-bake near the seashore, and not being used to it, got along very well till near the close, and not knowing how to end, says: "Oh, Lord! Very respectfully yours, Oliver Ditson."

Among the many friends born in Suffield, you will have my "big brother," of the Summit *Beacon*, and also the Hon. Wyllys King, of this city. You must call out these gentlemen for five or ten minutes' speeches. I think they will have something to say. Oh, how I would like to be with you.

I met my old friend and faithful teacher, Mr. Reuben Granger, in Chicago last week, and arm in arm we walked about the city nearly one day. He had received your printed document, with invitation to be with you and take part in the exercises, but will not be able to attend. Now 73 years old, and smart and active in business, the same *good* man, and has the habit of saying "I will do thus and so, Providence permitting;" and his father, Capt. Rufus Granger, used a similar expression—"the door of Providence opening." Gideon Granger, the former Postmaster General under Jefferson, and also Madison, once said to him: "Cousin Rufus, you must be an important personage—deity for a doorkeeper." Dr. Ira Hatch, of Chicago, formerly from Springfield, Mass., says to me: "Comfort, have you brought me that book, the title of which I suggested, viz.: 'The Quips and Quirks of a Bachelor; or, the Reminiscences of Comfort V. Lane, of Crooked Lane, near Springfield, Mass.'" Dr. Hatch, and brother, too, think it would be a literary curiosity to take a look into that big trunk of mine, which is a third full of letters, some of them received 40 and even 50 years ago, carefully filed away, having passed over the road from and to St. Louis some dozen times.

Speaking of "Crooked Lane," I do not suppose it was so named because we, as a family, were particularly crooked or dishonest. According to Henry M. Sykes' record, we seem to come "straight" down from the first settlement of Suffield in 1635—Samuel Lane, 1st, do. 2d, do. 3d, Gad Lane, Comfort Lane, Comfort V. Lane; and once speaking to a friend of being of English descent, and not myself large of statue, he observed: "Rather rapid descent."

I think you will bear me witness, nor think me egotistical, if I speak of my good father, Comfort Lane, as an honest, upright man, and much beloved in your good old town; and I was much gratified, some twenty years ago, in coming over the Berkshire hills, in the old-fashioned stage coach, to learn from the driver, Mr. Chaffee, who owned the coach, that I was riding over the gear-work built by my own father, nearly twenty years before. He built of strong and solid material, and his work lasted almost equal to "The one-horse shay, which ran a hundred years to a day;" and he remarked, "Your father was too honest to get rich."

Well, friends, I would rather have that inheritance than riches. A plain marble slab marks the spot, with this simple inscription: "Mr.

Comfort Lane; died Sept. 21, 1828; aged 45." And as I stood there last June, alone, I said within myself, "the friends of my youth, where are they?" and a "still small voice" seemed to say, "where?"

Some of you still remain; others are scattered in the great North and Southwest, some South, and a few in foreign lands. But the great multitude are in the silent grave. "Low their heads lie beneath the clods of the valley. Silent are their slumbers in the grave, and they unconscious of all that is passing beneath the sun.

We do well to cherish their memories and their virtues, and when we visit the place where the precious dust rests, not to look down into the cold, dark grave—for there is no comfort there—but to look up, and walk cheerfully on to the end, and in looking up,

> "Heaven's own light dispels the gloom,
> Shines downward from eternal day,
> And casts a glory round the tomb."

But perhaps I am getting too serious. In leaving the grave of my father I went to Zion's Hill. I have seen much of American scenery, but never realized before that I was born in such a beautiful town. As you stand on Zion's Hill, say some pleasant, clear day in June, and look around you, there is not a single spot but that the eye rests with complacency, pleasure, and delight.

Mt. Tom and Holyoke north, the Russell, Blanford, and Berkshire hills west, the Tolland mountains east, and the hills and valleys off toward Hartford and New Haven. The beautiful allusion, familiar to you all, may come in place here, where a distinguished lecturer speaks of the sainted Peter, borne on angel wings to heaven's gates. St. Peter meets him there and asks who comes? Peter, from Suffield, is the meek reply. "Well, Peter, we welcome you here, but rather advise you to return to that country. It is a pleasanter country than this."

Well, friends, when I relate that story here they smile and say, that will do for Suffield people to tell. How it would be with St. Louis I cannot say; but of Chicago there is a story often told, the first man who went up to the golden gates to ask admittance, St. Peter could find no such place on the map, and no person from there had ever entered. Perhaps because no mountain, hill, or valley, or river of pure water is there, the "streams whereof make glad."

Well, back to "Crooked Lane." I shall confine myself to the district where I first saw the light, and my space will not allow me even to write the names of those who have passed away in my memory there.

Fresh in my memory to-day are the heads of families who have departed; commencing in rotation and going north, John Bouker King, and his brother Epaphras King, Chauncy Stiles, David Curtiss, John Fitch Parsons, Jonah King, Amos Sikes, 1st and 2d Henry Wright, Comfort Lane, Jonathan Remington, Apollos Fuller, Gamaliel Fuller, Julius King, Calvin Adams, Thaddeus Sikes, Horace Gideon Sikes, Daniel Sikes, Julius Fow-

ler, the Adamses, and many others, have served their time and generation, and have passed away.

To the Honorable Committee of the Bi-Centennial Celebration: Greeting: Some of you the companions of my youth, and all my friends in riper years. Sixty years of age! It does not seem possible. I feel to-day the sprightliness and activity of youth, and am thankful to Almighty God for his preserving care. About thirty years of active business life, and having divided that time between the four great cities, Boston, New York, Chicago, and St. Louis, I have come in contact with the wide, wide world more than you who have remained at home. The flight of time—oh, how rapid!—whirled and pushed on in life's busy scenes, the end *will* come. We have much to do with earth and earthly things, and will have to render a strict account of our stewardship here.

Our great moral Leader once said: "My Father hitherto worked, and I work," showing that *He* was not above physical labor or his duty *here*.

Let us so fulfil *our* mission *here* that when the summons shall come we may hear the welcome plaudit, "servant of God, well done; thou hast been faithful to thy trust on earth; come up higher to the employment and the glories of the upper world."

Our path in this life is often circuitous, and we feel at every move the thorns of the wilderness; yet He who guides will lead us by a "right way," even unto a "city of habitation." Wherefore let us comfort each other with these words.

COMFORT V. LANE.

BOSTON, October 10, 1870.

MY DEAR MR. NORTON: I returned home yesterday from a visit to Duxbury, and found the invitation to be present in Suffield on the 12th inst., at the bi-centennial celebration of the settlement of your beautiful town. I was born in the town of Amenia, New York, but was born into New England life at the age of thirteen, when I removed with my father to Suffield. I was old enough to appreciate in some degree the exceeding beauty of Suffield, and to notice the contrast between the newer civilization in which I had lived, and the comparatively old and cultivated scenery which distinguishes Suffield. I remember the old church, from the steeple of which we were told Gen. Washington himself had looked and praised the beauty of the scene which was spread out before his eyes. I can recall the picture at the distance of nearly 45 years. I attended Reuben Granger's school, and was for a few months a pupil of Parson Gay—indeed, I received all the education I ever received at school in Suffield. It was somewhat singular that years after my only brother should settle in this same old town; and first by his marriage with your daughter, and finally by laying all that was mortal in the burial ground, his pen has described in such glowing words, he has invested Suffield with a tender claim on my remembrance, making all that concerns its affairs and welfare interesting to me.

I am greatly obliged to you for counting me as one of the large family of Suffield's children, and should be proud to be present as the representative of my father and brother; but circumstances forbid, and I must relinquish my chance of celebrating a bi-centennial, for I am almost 60, and, with a large number of those who will join in this shall have been gathered to the generations gone before long ere another occasion like this returns.

Accept my best wishes for the pleasant celebration of the day, and believe me yours with respect, E. C. Whipple.

Troy, Miami Co., Ohio, Oct. 6, 1870.

Committee of the Bi-Centennial Anniversary, Suffield, Conn.:

Gentlemen: Your note inviting me to be with you Oct. 12th was received last evening, forwarded by my brother. I regret exceedingly that it will not be convenient for me to comply with your request. I look back with pleasure to my native town. Always feel interested in its prosperity.

Hoping you may have a pleasant and profitable reunion, I remain yours respectfully, Fanny Parsons.

Washington, Oct. 7, 1870.

Dear Mrs. Phillio:

I received your letter this morning, enclosing an invitation to me to be present at the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of my native town, Suffield, Conn. The infirmities of age will prevent my participating in person in this interesting event. It must now be remembered I am one of her oldest daughters. My father removed me to Washington City the fall of 1810. Sixty years have passed, and my pilgrimage numbers almost eighty-five years. The scenes and events of early days are now vividly before my mind, and memory recalls some of the fathers of the names of those who constitute the committee of invitation, to whom I return my respects.

Mrs. B. P. Fletcher.

Henry A. Sykes. A.M.

DEACON HENRY A. SYKES,

Was born in Suffield, September 22, 1810. At the early age of five years he was left an orphan, and lived with his grandfather, Victory Sykes, until of suitable age he was put to learning the art of architect and builder, with Mr. Chauncey Shepherd, of Springfield, Mass. Subsequently he pursued the study of architecture, under the tuition of Ithiel Towne, Esq.

His skill and taste as an architect were of a superior order, of which there are many proofs in the surrounding towns; part of the buildings connected with Amherst College, residences and churches in Greenfield, Mass., many stores and private residences in Springfield, were built under his superintendence, and according to plans of his design. And not to mention more, the Second Baptist Church, and the building now used by the Hartford and New Haven Railroad Company for their freight depot, in this place, but formerly the house of worship of the First Congregational Church and Society, bear upon them the marks of his taste, and are monuments to his memory.

Though never enjoying advantages for more than a common education, he, through self-discipline and a diligent improvement of his time, acquired an extensive knowledge on many subjects beyond the range of his trade, and evinced a mental culture of no ordinary degree.

He was fond of antiquarian researches, was a zealous student of history, and the results of his research into the early history of his native town are referred to with pride by his townsmen. Probably there was no one who could speak more definitely, or *so* definitely, as he. On the 16th of September, 1858, he delivered an interesting historical address at Suffield, on occasion of the 150th anniversary of the decease of the Rev. Benjamin Ruggles, first pastor of the First Congregational Church here. This address, with the proceedings of the day, has been published. At the time of his decease he had collected, and was collecting, materials, which he intended to put in permanent form, to be given to the public.

He was an honorary member of several historical and antiquarian societies. In 1854 the degree of A. M. was conferred upon him by Amherst College.

But he was not known alone by his historical researches, or as a builder, but by his Christian virtues. He here made Christ his trust; he here labored as Christ's servant.

In May, 1857, he was chosen deacon of the First Congregational Church, which office he held till his death, which occurred December 15th, 1860, aged 50 years—leaving to his family the rich legacy of a Christian husband and father, and to his townsmen and friends, who loved and respected him, the example of a Christian man.

H. M. Sykes.

CONCLUSION.

By Henry M. Sykes.

Suffield! there is magic in the word to me. Suffield! the home of my fathers, the place where they died and now rest. Suffield! often have I enjoyed scenes with friends under thy peaceful bowers.

Doubtless these were the thoughts of many an absent son and daughter of Suffield during the summer of 1870. Equally as true, also, it may be said of those who still remained at the "old homestead." We were all led, in view of the then coming celebration, to think of ten, twenty, fifty years now past, and on that day we sought to bring before us noble men who, in the fear of God, and in the hope of the future, laid the foundation of our institutions.

They have passed away. Their sons, who sat at their feet and grew up under their influence, have also passed away. There are venerable and beloved men, faithful and true—men ripe in wisdom as well as years—still with us; but soon they will have passed away. Time flies with the wings of a meteor, and we shall soon be called to bid farewell to these pleasing scenes, to these mountains, meadows, these groves and circling rills, and shall sleep with our fathers.

Two hundred years ago! We feel their influence. The hand of the past is shaping our thoughts and characters. But who shall say what changes are to be wrought in the hundred years to come. We shall not be here. We shall be sleeping with the congregation of the dead, but the silvery waters of the Connecticut, upon whose banks our beautiful town so prettily lies, will still roll on in its quiet way, and the same blue heavens shall look down on these fair and luxuriant fields as to-day.

We shall not be here. God grant that through His grace we may be found in the greater assembly, which shall know no change than that from glory to glory, joy to joy, forever.

And now, fellow-citizens, the day that we for so long a time looked forward to with such pleasant anticipations, has passed. It is the first Suffield ever witnessed. It is the last which most, if not all of us, will be permitted to enjoy. The importance of it, and similar celebrations, can hardly be overrated. They tend to supply materials for the general history of our country—for is not the history of a nation the collected result of the account of its several component parts? The more minute

and graphic the story of the incidents which compose them, the more freshness, more fidelity and spirit do they breathe into its pages. What is it that gives our most celebrated historians so much of fascination and value? It is not so much the brilliant and glowing style with which they may clothe their labors, but it is their diligent research into ancient and local records, and then transferred to their own narrative.

Historians are always greatly indebted to such records as your executive committee now present to you and the world. The history of New England has been greatly enriched by just such commemorations as these. Towns, counties and families, as well as individuals, are employed in making and collecting materials. History, it has been said, is philosophy teaching by example. Our history is more—it is Christianity teaching by example—it is high-souled patriotism—it is liberty teaching by example.

The history of Suffield has its importance and its interest as a portion of New England. It is connected with that of the early history of Massachusetts, as well as of a little later period that of the colony of Connecticut, and also with the history of the war of the Revolution, by which great and grand struggle our independence was achieved. We believe that the inhabitants have not lost those patriotic traits of character which distinguished their forefathers. Some of the old Puritanic love of religion, and of religious liberty, still lingers here. That same love of country still flows through the veins of the sons, as in the fathers, and if ever they should be called again to vindicate the liberties left as a sacred legacy to us, the same courage and alacrity would stimulate our hearts.

We hope that as the citizens of the town turn their eyes more intently upon history—that as they commune more closely with the spirit of their religious and heroic fathers—that they will catch a new and fresh inspiration, and that they will attach themselves more firmly than ever to those institutions and elements of strength which have given them their New England character and prosperity.

Although Suffield has not grown as rapidly as some other towns in our State, it has improved with a steady, quiet, and vigorous growth, and is counted as one of the considerable towns of the State. With "Onward" as our motto, we shall grow to a "larger estate," and exert a greater influence. Let us then, fellow-citizens, lift high our motto—"Onward."

To the stranger who may read this book, let me say a word.

The comparative merit of every place, as one which should be sought or abandoned, depends on the views and tastes of him who makes the inquiry. On this point it is not worth while for an inhabitant to say anything, lest his advertisement be imputed to be vanity; but may he not suggest, after the history and description of the town, that if any man be influenced by the suggestion of religion, the love of philosophy, the love of leisure, or the love of agricultural pursuits, to retire to a healthy residence near and convenient to two cities, where he may be a calm spectator of the strifes, follies, revolutions, both civil and religious, in the world, he may possibly find that SUFFIELD has some recommendations to him.

The employment of husbandmen, the cultivator of his own land, has been represented by the poets and philosophers of all ages as the most agreeable to the nature of man. This sentiment seemed to be the motive of the first settlers of the town, and every successive generation must have had increasing proof that the way and the taste of their fathers was good; and we, too, after having reviewed their doings and their character in a period of two hundred years, give our entire consent to the same opinion.

"Like the first race of mortals, blest is he
From debts, and usury, and business free;
With his own team, who ploughs the soil,
Which grateful once conferred his father's toil."

As we take leave of the day whose scenes and doings we now present to you, we look forward with hope, not unmingled with solicitude, to the future. We bequeath to the generations of the following century a precious inheritance—we bequeath to them a soil devoted to God by prayer and baptized into the name of Liberty by Revolutionary blood, and charge them never to alienate from its high and noble consecration. We bequeath to their care the graves of most worthy men. Cherish the memory of their character, which we hope you will ever respect and copy. We bequeath to them a religion, whose spirit we pray that they ever may foster; principles of liberty, which we hope will ever fire an unquenchable ardor in their breasts. We bequeath homes, which we desire may continue to be adorned with domestic virtue and the richest sources of peace. We bequeath to them habits of industry, love of order, attachment to temperance, privileges, institutions, which we implore that they may preserve and perfect with the greatest care. We hope that when the dawn of the morning of October 12, 1970, shall break upon this town, it shall illuminate a religious, free, intelligent, improved, prosperous, happy people.

"In pleasant lands have fallen the lines
That bound our goodly heritage,
And safe beneath our sheltering vines
Our youth is blest, and soothed our age.

"What thanks, O God, to Thee are due,
That Thou did'st plant our fathers here;
And watch and guard them as they grew,
A vineyard to the Planter dear.

"The toils they bore, our ease have wrought;
They sowed in tears—in joy we reap;
The birth-right they so dearly bought
We'll guard till we with them shall sleep."

CONNECTICUT LITERARY INSTITUTION.

CONNECTICUT LITERARY INSTITUTION.

This institution is located in Suffield, one of the most beautiful and healthy towns in the Connecticut Valley, and is accessible by railroad communication from every part of the country. It possesses all the facilities of a first class New England Academy, with both a male and a female department. It employs six permanent teachers. It has three large and commodious public buildings, designed to accommodate one hundred and fifty students, with rooms and board. It is under the direction of a board of trustees, chosen from every part of the State. An effort is now being made to raise one hundred thousand dollars, partly for present use and partly as a permanent fund, twenty-seven thousand of which has already been subscribed. It is the design of its trustees and patrons to have it, and to keep it, in the first class of institutions, for fitting young men for college, or for business, and affording young ladies all the facilities for a thorough education, classical, scientific, and literary.

ERRATA.

Page 20, line 13 from top, for *nam* read *nōtæ*.

F848.5

6057